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EDITORIAL

WAR OF REFUGEES

Forty years ago, amid war and holocaust, the U.S. State Department practiced a policy of immigration as usual; as a result, many European Jews were turned away from this country.

Now a different refugee crisis has developed with apparent suddenness in Cuba, and the United States has maintained an immigration-as-usual policy while this human tide built up over recent months. It served our interest that Fidel Castro should have within his Communist bosom 100,000 to 200,000 potential emigrants, their dreams of America fueled by visits of relatives who had apparently found the good life in Miami or Union City, New Jersey. And when 10,000 of them sought sanctuary in the Peruvian Embassy, it served our interest to have them there, a living reproach to the Castro Government. And it also served our interest to airlift these refugees to Costa Rica, which is near Nicaragua and El Salvador, both thought to be vulnerable to Castroite wiles. Finally, it served our interest, before the crisis began, to stall immigration procedures—thus creating a bottleneck.

Seeing this, Castro turned the tables and told the refugees they were free to go—just as he did in 1965. And, of course, they had been free to go all along, under an agreement Cuba signed with the Committee of 75, a Cuban exile body. Castro has his own political motivations, of course; the crisis has enabled him to stir up patriotism and a "whose-side-are-you-on" mentality among his people.

The refugees are victims of the conflict between the two countries. Clearly, the time has come for the United States and Cuba to talk—about the safe transport of these people and also about normalizing relations so that these refugee wars can end. To grant asylum to Cuban but not Haitian refugees dramatizes how politics not humanity has thus far been our main concern.

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'THREE FARMS'
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PROGRAMMATIC NOTES

PROGRESSIVE LIBERALISM FOR THE '80s

MARCUS G. RASKIN

In a recent *New York Times Magazine* article, the distinguished historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. correctly points out the importance of liberal thought and action to the development of a decent society in the United States. Schlesinger, however, merely offers a refurbished version of his old "Vital Center," claiming that the liberalism espoused during the cold war by Reinhold Niebuhr and reflected in the legislative programs of Lyndon Johnson can be updated and made popular in the 1980s.

It is my belief that liberalism will have to move to another level of theory and practice. This new liberalism is needed not only to accord with people's aspirations, their need for community, self-expression and economic independence but because it will have a better chance of bringing about a peaceful world. It can do this by renouncing the antipragmatic imperial discipline of geopolitics, which Schlesinger prefers over international law, and by formulating clear policies to deal with an economic system that is out of political and democratic control. The vital center is not the answer. For the right has become the center. And it has no interest in including liberals in it unless they genuflect to those very standards that have left American society in its present grievous condition.

In general terms, liberalism represents the fundamental constitutional purpose of this society: the pursuit of happiness and the establishment of justice for all. And contrary to fashionable belief, it can emerge victorious in the fierce struggle that will be waged in the 1980s between liberalism and conservatism. Nevertheless, a lib-

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LETTERS.

TOO ANODYNE

New York City

Michael McDowell's article, "An Irish Protestant Views Unity" [*The Nation*, Feb. 16] expresses a rather too anodyne and pious view of the Northern Ireland crisis. It gives the impression that if only the Nationalists could persuade the Northern Ireland Unionists that they have nothing to fear from the machinations of the Pope of Rome (who stands behind the Irish Republican Army if the myths of the more extremist Unionists like the Rev. Ian Paisley are to be believed); if only the Nationalists/Catholics would be *reasonable* and convince the Loyalists/Protestants of the benefits of unity with the Republic, then it would be achieved.

Unfortunately, politics in Northern Ireland has never been conducted at the level of reason (has it anywhere?). Not only has it been impossible to persuade the Unionists that within a United Ireland they would not be exterminated by the Inquisition, it has been impossible to get them to accept that Catholics are to be trusted within the government of Northern Ireland itself. McDowell quotes a poll to prove that an arrangement which would allow Catholics into government—"power-sharing"—would now be acceptable to "73 percent" of Ulster Protestants. I prefer votes to polls, as I do practice to theory: the Rev. Ian Paisley, an anti-power-sharing, antiliberal, anti-Catholic of the sort found only in the political fossil known as Northern Ireland, won more than 100,000 votes—the largest majority of anyone in Ireland—to gain a seat in the European Economic Community Parliament last summer. Paisley wears a clerical collar, unlike any politician in the "Catholic" Republic, which, according to McDowell, frightens Northern Ireland Protestants because of its ban on divorce and its attitude on birth control. So, the 500 or more Catholics murdered in the last nine years by Protestant terrorists of the Ulster Defense Association and the Ulster Volunteer Force, in a campaign of violence almost entirely ignored by the American media, died because of their opposition to birth control and divorce or because they sought unity with a state which in theory prohibits both! Were the sectarian pogroms which initiated the birth of Northern Ireland between 1920 and 1922, at the loss of hundreds of Catholics' lives and thousands of jobs, conducted by a force seeking social progress? I think not. What McDowell calls the "hard-headed business sense" of the Ulster Protestants created one of the most politically and socially backward states in Europe where until 1966 it was impossible to find a children's park open on a Sunday (swinging upset the Lord!)—never mind any trace of a pluralist society.

Like his assertions about Protestants, his attitude toward the role the British are playing in the whole mess is rather oversimplified—expected, perhaps, in a less than inspired speech by Conor Cruise O'Brien or Margaret Thatcher, but not in an article that purports to be a serious look at a complex situation.

Jack Holland

McDOWELL REPLIES

New York City

My point that Irish unity cannot be achieved by bombing or shooting Ulster Protestants into it or by Nationalists getting the British to push the Unionists into unity still stands, Mr. Holland. Perhaps that *is* too "anodyne" or "pious" for those who favor more costly "solutions"—most of which would precipitate civil war. Unity must come about by *agreement*, and it is up to those in favor of unity to spell out what they are prepared to offer the Unionists to achieve that.

Those inducements to unity should be economic, should include reforms in the Irish Republic, but most of all should show a clear attempt to win over the people of the present Northern Ireland in terms of positive friendship.

At the same time, I believe the Unionists must be told by the British that there is a *price* for them being allowed to stay within the United Kingdom—and that is sharing power in government with Catholic politicians. I believe that is possible—but commitments both on future unity *and* power-sharing will doom any initiative to early failure.

I do not recall raising "the machinations of the Pope of Rome" in my article or suggesting that Unionists within a united Ireland would be exterminated by the "Inquisition."

I accept that many Catholics have been killed in sectarian murders. Holland must accept, too, that many hundreds of Protestant civilians, policemen and part-time soldiers have died at the hands of the Provisional I.R.A., but the numbers game is a sordid one to play.

Ian Paisley's vote in the Euro-election was impressive but his party would not fare so well in a general election. It is indicative of how desperate Unionists were that they turned to him in such numbers last May.

I do not despise one million people in Ireland as Holland seems to do. They have rights, too—not greater rights than their Catholic fellow citizens, but rights nevertheless.

Michael McDowell

AMERICAN JEW SPEAKS

Portland, Ore.

In the March 22 issue of *The Nation*, Arthur Hertzberg asserts the right of American Jews to openly espouse programs for peace for the state of Israel ["Diaspora Dissent"]. Certainly we have such a right, legally and morally. I exercise that right by bearing in mind the following:

(*1*) Arabs killed Jews in Israel before there was a state of Israel.

(*2*) Arabs killed Jews in Israel before there was any indication of desire for an Arab state in what was then Palestine.

(*3*) Arabs have been killing innocent Jews and non-Jews in Israel since the establishment of the independent state of Israel.

(*4*) Arab leadership (excluding Anwar el-Sadat) has not disavowed an intent to destroy the state of Israel nor acted effectively to prevent Arabs from killing innocent people in the state of Israel.

(*5*) Where I sit at my typewriter I am reasonably safe, as are my children and grandchildren, from Government-sponsored or Government-sanctioned physical harm.

(*6*) I will think twice, yea, three times, before I will covertly or openly urge Israeli parents to expose their children to facile artillery in the hands of Arab neighbors that could wipe out in seconds their children while in a school bus or a school, or, for that matter, a city.

(*7*) I do remember Beirut and 40,000 killed in West Lebanon and I will defer my opinion of how to preserve the life and liberty of the Israelis to the Israelis.

Reuben Lenske

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EDITORIALS.

Better No Law

Like Yeats's "rough beast, its hour come round at last," the Central Intelligence Agency is enjoying a second coming. Attempts to get Congress to prohibit the use of what the Church Committee referred to a few years ago as the Agency's "unsavory and vicious tactics" have collapsed entirely. The only question that remains open this year is whether Congress will arm the C.I.A. with new powers. The Carter-Moynihan forces may succeed in passing a new law authorizing the Agency to engage in political surveillance of Americans, subject only to restraints imposed by the Attorney General; eliminating the Hughes-Ryan amendment's requirement that it report covert operations to Congressional committees; exempting most of the Agency's activities from the Freedom of Information Act, and imposing new criminal penalties on those disclosing the identities of intelligence agents.

In the present climate, we believe the best that can be done this year is to quash all legislation dealing with the C.I.A. We do not advocate such a course without misgivings. The Agency is a national disgrace, and laws have long been needed to prohibit assassination attempts, burglaries, bribery, mail-opening, domestic political surveillance and the other operating methods exposed by Congressional investigations in 1975 and 1976. Moreover, we cannot be sanguine about the prospects in the next Congress. Neither Carter nor Reagan would lend any support to legislators seeking to bring the C.I.A. under democratic control. Indeed, the next Congress could well produce a new charter that simply enacts into law everything the Agency did without authorization in the past.

Nonetheless, next year's possible evils are outweighed by this year's immediate dangers, and it would be better if this Congress did nothing rather than enact bad legislation. In an election year, members of Congress have so much else on their minds that a handful making a determined battle could block any legislation. We commend to those who might consider taking on such a fight the words of Vice President Mondale when he was still a Senator and a critic of the abuses of the intelligence agencies. "Up until now," he told his colleagues, "it has been their fault, but now we know, and if we authorize it from here on out, it is our fault."

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The 11h Scenario

Last month's charge by Democratic National Committee Chairman John White that Senator Edward Kennedy aimed to steal the nomination from President Carter at the national convention by changing the party bylaw that binds delegates on the first ballot touched off a tempest in newsprint. "Slam Teddy for Poaching on Carter's Delegate Field," cried *The Daily News*. "Kennedy Strategy Called Divisive by Democratic Party Chairman," reported *The Boston Globe*.

Actually, the bylaw in question—Rule 11h—resulted from a deal worked out in 1976 between Carter operatives on the Winograd Commission on Delegate Selection and party reformers. The Carter forces wanted a veto over the delegates who are ultimately named to fill chairs on the convention floor. And so they won a limited candidates' right of approval rule. (Under this rule, campaign committees are sent a list of potential delegates; they have first right of refusal on as many names on the list as they wish, so long as they leave three times as many names as the number of delegates the primary vote entitles them to.) In return, the reformers were given Rule 11h, which assures that delegates chosen in primaries and party caucuses are bound to vote for the candidate they are pledged to on the first ballot. What has not been mentioned in all this is that Rule 11h has yet to be written into the Democratic Party Charter, the party's supreme law. This can only be done by the National Convention, the party's highest deliberative body, when it convenes in New York next August.

While the binding rule does assure that voter preference in the primaries will stand up through the convention's first ballot, it also turns the convention into a nonpolitical ratification event. Delegations "locked in" by primary results, and delegates carefully screened for loyalty by the candidates, might just as well stay home and submit their votes by telephone. The binding rule and the candidate right of approval rule effectively remove the last vestiges of power from state and local party officials.

Thus, should Carter whip Kennedy in the Ohio, California and New Jersey primaries on June 3, it is difficult to foresee the convention, set up as it is, denying him the nomination. But if he should come out of the big three further wounded, with Reagan commanding the polls and Anderson looking good in the industrial states, the Democrats could have plenty to think about. Three hundred and sixty-seven delegates will still remain to be chosen in caucuses between the last primaries and the convention.

If Carter goes into the convention with a razor-thin margin, and there is "softening" among his delegates, the situation could quickly become very interesting. At least two ways exist to stop a first-ballot Carter nomination. The first, and less likely, is for enough delegates to abstain on the first ballot to deny the incumbent the necessary 1,666. The second, and more likely, is for a challenge of Rule 11h to come before the party Rules Committee. The Carter forces, assisted by Rules Committee Chairman Senator Daniel Inouye, a Carter supporter, might be expected to support the adoption of Rule 11h. But the party charter provides for a minority report to be voted out on the convention floor. A "conscience" vote of the convention rejecting Rule 11h could place a Carter first-ballot nomination in jeopardy.

Not that this would necessarily brighten Kennedy's chances. Although Kennedy people might be willing to unconditionally release all their delegates and fight out the nomination in an open convention, even a rejection of Rule 11h would still leave a sizable number of Carter delegates hand-picked for their loyalty: their release by Carter is unimaginable at this time. In addition, the most damaging charge against Kennedy—his failure to rouse the electorate—will continue to weigh against him. The best political minds in the Democratic Party are thus already envisioning a deadlocked convention turning to a dark horse. But whom? The scenario, as one Democratic National Committee staffer suggested off the record, was made for Hubert Humphrey—in other words, a popular "white knight" figure who has remained on the sidelines but is available. Walter Mondale is mentioned; however, his lack of stomach for the fight seems to preclude this possibility. The only other name that was making its way through Democratic circles was Senator Edmund Muskie. But then Carter appointed him Secretary of State.

By now the pundits have all but ceded the nomination to Carter. After the President's overwhelming victories in the North Carolina, Tennessee and Indiana primaries, his campaign chairman, Robert Strauss, gloated, "It's all vanilla for us from here on. We're going to keep gobbling up delegates each Tuesday, prepare for the convention and start drawing a bead on Reagan." The fact is, however, that conventions are entitled to make their own rules and if by the time the Democrats gather in New York, a majority of delegates have cooled off on Carter, then ample legal opportunities exist for them to vote themselves another convention.

This could mean a fractious convention, of course, and numerous pleas for unity can be expected from the Carter forces in the coming weeks. But the Democratic Party has not been noted for the tranquillity of its conventions—and when they have had love feasts, such as the coronation of Lyndon B. Johnson at Atlantic City in 1964, important voices in the party—voices of change usually—have invariably been stifled.

Gov. Hugh Carey of New York has already called for an "open convention," and a day later Senator Daniel P. Moynihan announced that he was declining to be a delegate because he can support neither Carter nor Kennedy. There will be other such backsliders. For liberals who wish to read themselves back into their party, a fight against Rule 11h might be a good opening wedge. After all, there is a precedent for it. In 1972, there was a challenge to the delegates George McGovern had won in the California winner-take-all primary, prominent supporters of which were John White, Robert Strauss and Jimmy Carter.

JONATHAN MASLOW

Jonathan Maslow is a freelance writer based in New York.

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SECOND THOUGHTS

CAREY McWILLIAMS

One of the most interesting but rarest American "types" is the multimillionaire who insists on being his own man and doing his own thinking. Cyrus Eaton is a case in point. A sharp and consistent critic of the cold war, his financing of the Pugwash Conferences alone does him lasting honor. He was a tough-minded, no-nonsense capitalist but a maverick on many social and political issues. I knew him fairly well and greatly admired his independence. And Henry Ford is another example. I mean the Ford of the ill-fated "peace ship" venture, the early-day industrialist who had some enlightened views about the workday that ran counter to the accepted wisdom of the time. But the one who interests me the most is Edward Lamb of Toledo, Ohio.

I have been privileged to know Ted well for many years. In the 1930s, the newly formed National Lawyers Guild rallied round to defend Ted, who had been cited for contempt in a labor case. Perhaps his conduct was contemptuous, but the contempt was richly deserved. I was active in this defense effort. Later, when the wage-and-hour legislation came along, Ted brought a class-action suit contending that miners were entitled to portal-to-portal pay. He made the point stick and collected a small fortune in fees, which he promptly and shrewdly invested. Today, of course, he is a multimillionaire: television stations, oil and gas properties, a bank in Nevada and other profitable holdings. Like Cyrus Eaton, he is tough-minded, uncannily shrewd, far-sighted. But his acquired wealth has never dampened his social enthusiasms.

Inevitably, Ted's views made him an early prime target of the inquisitors. The usual lying informers testified. The Central Intelligence Agency and the Federal Bureau of Investigation broke into his files, intercepted his mail and tapped his phones. Then a Federal regulatory commission sought to strip him of his TV licenses on the ground that in applying for their renewal he had falsely denied membership in the Communist Party. (A less likely Communist I never met.) He might have wiggled and crawled out of this jam, but he elected to fight the charges and spent more than $900,000 in his successful defense, which was one of the key civil liberties victories of the time. *The Nation* consistently supported him during this long ordeal and was able to be of considerable assistance.

Over the years, I visited Ted from time to time in Toledo—or we would meet in New York. On one lecture trip, he literally hijacked me from an afternoon meeting in Toledo before the question period had concluded, much to the annoyance of the sponsors. And off we went on a tour of bars down one side of the Maumee River, returning to my hotel on the opposite bank at an ungodly hour. I woke in the morning in a very feeble state to catch an early train to Chicago, where I had an afternoon lecture engagement! But I never held this caper against him; that guided tour of the Maumee bars was great fun at the time. Ted is a man of many enthusiasms; now 78, he skis every winter and hikes fifteen miles every Sunday.

In 1968, in Chicago for the Democratic Convention, I presented a cash receipt for a hotel reservation at the Sheraton, only to be told "go away!" No explanations. So I jumped into a cab and raced to the Clark Hotel, where I managed to get a cubbyhole room. The mishap turned out to be a piece of luck, for the Ohio delegation was headquartered there. Almost immediately I bumped into Ted Lamb, ringleader of the group, who proceeded to accord me a kind of "special friend: no questions asked" eminence. We breezed right into delegate caucuses. I stayed with the delegation night and day, gaining a priceless insider's view of how a state delegation functions. It was an education in itself to observe the way the delegates were more concerned with the impact of their decisions on local elections in Ohio than with larger issues. I heard candidates make their presentations; listened in on all discussions. I rode in buses to the Convention Center with the delegates and returned with them at night; but once there I slipped away and sat in the press gallery. Most nights were on the town. I was accepted because I was a friend of Ted's. I was full of admiration for the way in which he managed to execute this coup in his usual debonair manner. And it gave me a one-of-a-kind opportunity to see a state delegation in action.

One might think of Ted as a model of the self-made American millionaire. But that he is not and never has been. He feels the American free-enterprise system is finished: "a doomed dinosaur." He has visited the Soviet Union on seventeen occasions. He does not approve of the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, but resolutely refuses to join in another "holy" war against Communism. He is a good friend of Fidel Castro and has made several trips to Cuba. He believes that radical economic change is inevitable, and calls for nationalization of the oil, steel and defense industries before the changes come violently. He favors wage-and-price controls, dividend controls and gun controls. It is his view that we simply have to accept discipline. He believes in a sharing society, that is, a more equitable society (see *The Sharing Society*, his latest book). He believes that inflation is caused by "totally wasteful military expenditures." His one great passion is the United Nations —"a house for all humanity." He has no illusions about the popularity of his views; in a national referendum they would be overwhelmingly rejected. But the crisis is deepening and people will become more conscious of it. Public ownership of the means of production, which is state socialism, must come by evolution if not by revolution. The nation is due for a rude awakening. Affluence cannot be maintained by nuclear threats. We will see more eruptions and revolutions throughout the world as people seek a more equitable share of the world's resources.

Ted believes in "carrying on"; he will be active to the day he dies. Of course, I am biased; he is an old and dear friend. But what a deep if unacknowledged debt this country owes the maverick millionaire from Toledo. His motto might be: "Don't let the bastards get you down. Stand up; fight back; voice your convictions and defend your ideas no matter how unpopular they may be." Take my word for it: a remarkable American and a great world citizen.

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SYMPOSIUM.

The Anderson Candidacy

At present The Nation *has no candidate for President. Last week Derek Shearer and Richard Walton debated the pros and cons of Barry Commoner's Citizens' Party, and this week we have invited our masthead and members of our extended family to have their say about the Anderson candidacy. But we do so, frankly, more in despair than hope. Despair because, as Carey McWilliams pointed out in his "Second Thoughts" column of March 29, the two-party system has failed to recruit Presidential candidates of Presidential caliber.*

The hope surrounding the Anderson candidacy must begin with a belief that he has undergone a personal transformation since the days when he proposed a constitutional amendment declaring the United States a "Christian nation," received an Americans for Democratic Action rating of 11 percent, was called "the most effective and skillful proponent of nuclear power in the House of Representatives" by the League of Conservative Voters, voted against black-lung benefits for coal miners, the Nader-proposed Consumer Protection Agency, the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill and for a 17 percent cut in the OSHA budget—and so on and so on. More affirmatively, the hope of his candidacy is that he will challenge the outworn cold-war assumptions inherent in the world-views of not only Carter and Reagan (to the extent that they have perspectives rather than politics) but of Kennedy as well; and also that the fact of his running will contribute to a temporary, but constructive, anarchy. For unless the conventions, the commentators, the candidates and the electorate are liberated from the ruling myths that have misinformed and twisted our policies, domestic and foreign, since World War II, we run the imminent risk, given the prevailing intellectual, political, psychological and technological confusion, of bungling our way into a catastrophic war.

Back in the 1960s, when the mass media referred to nonviolent civil rights workers and the lawbreaking Southern crackers who attacked them as "extremists on both sides," liberals joked about the need for a "radical middle." It is a melancholy comment on our national politics that at this crunch point in our history we look to the radical middle for new ideas. —*Victor Navasky*

BLAIR CLARK

The personal candidacy of John Anderson, representing no party or movement, reflects the breakup of the party system that has run this Republic almost from the beginning. "We are all mugwumps," he proclaims, or hopes. That is quite different from Jefferson's statement: "We are all republicans, we are all democrats."

The fact is that "we are all shuddering at the prospect of either Reagan or Carter," the choice the "reformed" primary-caucus system is offering us. Hence Anderson and Commoner and perhaps others down the road (even Kennedy the independent?).

One looks only to the effect of the Anderson effort on the choice of someone else and on the political process and system. It is a message, not a Presidency, that we contemplate. And if this extraordinary year should produce the miracle of President Anderson (in a manipulated electoral college or a fiddled House), how could he govern with, or against, a Congress composed of furious members of both parties?

Anderson is "good" on the social issues, which don't cost much, and "bad" on the fiscal and national policy issues, which are expensive. Except for Anderson's soundness on interventionism abroad and militarism in general, doesn't that rather describe the early Carter? Which leaves the competence question, a leap in the dark about Anderson. His twenty years in Congress, in opposition, must have taught him things about the institution that Carter could never learn, but that is all we can say.

Dreadful as the current choice is, I don't like floating mugwumpery. Next time the independent could be a crusader on horseback rattling a full scabbard. I prefer the fantasy of a Republican convention embracing the old actor and a Democratic one revolting against both the Incumbent and the Challenger and picking The Best Man.

Anyone for Muskie? He may be all we can get.

ROBERT SHERRILL

As one who believes that next to honesty chaos is most to be desired in politics, I'm grateful to John Anderson for keeping alive the maverick candidate tradition. But otherwise, he completely fails my litmus tests. My one and only litmus test in foreign affairs is this: where was he during the Vietnam War? Anderson supported the war all the way. My litmus test for domestic affairs comes in two parts: does the candidate support wage and price controls? Did the candidate oppose oil and gas decontrol? Anderson does not, and did not. Anderson has described himself as a "plain, old-fashioned, orthodox Republican" on economic matters. Personally, I don't think our economy can stand much more "plain, old-fashioned, orthodox" anything.

MARCUS G. RASKIN

John Anderson's candidacy is reflective of certain new realities in American life that carry over from the 1960s. The center finds that it cannot hold through the two-party system. By this I mean that established moderate views predicated on prudence and compromise do not seem to reflect the activities of those in control of either party.

Anderson is, therefore, the candidate of the center. One

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implication of his candidacy would seem to be to make possible greater openings within the American political system. His candidacy will shatter the mystique of the two parties and increase the likelihood that other voices will be heard. Further, if the media act as Anderson's political organization and if Kennedy loses the nomination of the Democratic Party but Carter does not step aside, there is a very good chance that the 1980 election will end in the House of Representatives.

STANLEY SHEINBAUM

He thinks. I don't like everything he thinks. But he's the only one running who does think.

NAT HENTOFF

Between Carter and Reagan, I would welcome even Punch Sulzberger. So why not John Anderson?

ARYEH NEIER

Five Justices of the United States Supreme Court are over age 70. That is the only compelling reason I can think of right now to vote for Jimmy Carter if he should be renominated. It would be tempting to cast a protest vote for John Anderson, but not yet so tempting that it would be worth enabling President Reagan to appoint to the Court several more like William Rehnquist, the youngest Justice.

If it appears that Anderson has a real chance, I would certainly vote for him. On the other hand, a vote for Anderson if he is a sure loser would be thrown away. Anderson's attractions are his personal qualities and the deficiencies of his probable opponents. He does not represent an ideological movement or some other force that might make a lasting impact on American politics however badly he loses. There seems to be no point, therefore, in merely adding a vote to Anderson's totals if he is likely to run a poor third.

Of course, it remains possible that Jimmy Carter will drive me to vote for Anderson. Carter was little tested during most of his first three years as President. But now that the going has gotten rough, he seems to be patterning his foreign policy on Henry Kissinger, his economic policy on Herbert Hoover and his civil liberties policy on Richard Nixon. No doubt, Reagan would be as bad or worse. But there may come a point when I would rather throw away a vote for John Anderson than pull down the lever next to Carter's name.

NORMAN BIRNBAUM

Is John Anderson other than a Lutheran version of Eugene McCarthy? Clearly, in his career in the House he has demonstrated an admirable capacity for moral and political growth. Alas, one of his very great strengths—that moral adamancy which is so appealing—may be one of his very great weaknesses. He appeals to the educated and the relatively affluent who seek a different politics. Politics are confused and corrupted, however, not just because of the cultural and social heterogeneity of our nation, or its moral failings. They are in disrepair, perhaps fatal disrepair, because of the demoralization of our political community by forces derived from the market. There is very little trace in Anderson's thought, despite his recent conversion to qualified support for the welfare state, that he grasps this point.

Perhaps, however, he does—and sees nothing wrong with our political economy that some correctives cannot set right. We always have to reckon with the possibility, of course, that a mildly reformist President in turbulent times may take bolder measures than he had initially envisaged. The example of Franklin Roosevelt comes to mind. For the moment, we can say that the moralizing elements in Anderson's politics take precedence over a systematic critique of our society. The great outsider is, in the last analysis, a querulous insider.

That is not necessarily a disqualification. If our choice were really between an unrepentant Carter and a Reagan who is incapable of repentance (or any other serious inner state), we would have to consider Anderson. After all, in the absence of a largely reformist movement, a moralized politics may be the best we can do. For the moment, however, all the returns are not in on the contest for the nomination in the Democratic Party. We ought to pursue the course set by many in the unions, the urban political groups and those in favor of détente a while ago. There is still a reasonable chance that Senator Edward Kennedy may obtain the nomination. He should do well in many of the remaining primaries. He can come to the August convention with enough delegates to join the inevitable defectors from Carter to throw open the convention and then obtain the nomination.

Two other possibilities remain. One is that the convention will be thrown open indeed, but that someone else will benefit. Vice President Mondale, despite the obvious disadvantages of his position (and his preternatural caution) is increasingly mentioned as a replacement for the failing President. I would prefer Representative Morris Udall, or Senator John Culver. Those deeply opposed to Carter's present foreign policy and to his economic and social ones should not now abandon the struggle inside the Democratic

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Party. Do they wish to see Carter replaced by Senator Pat Moynihan?

There is another possibility. Carter may be obliged to make precise concessions to our sectors of the party, in order to obtain our support against Reagan. Those concessions could include the retirements of Messrs. Zbigniew Brzezinski, Hamilton Jordan and G. William Miller, specific budgetary and foreign policy commitments and guarantees of appointment to office for persons we would name in advance. That is not a possibility to be excluded, and if it is to be realized, our negotiator will have to be Senator Kennedy.

It may be that none of these things will happen in the Democratic Party. The Carter family, in all respects, may seek to carry on. There will be time in August for serious negotiations with Anderson. He cannot win without the support of the sectors of opinion found in *The Nation*'s readership. If we are to support him, we would do well to drive a very hard political bargain. The present interest in Anderson bespeaks more than a little bit of panic, and an unreflective negativism which isn't serious.

ROBERT HATCH

John Anderson's Congressional record is doleful, and I place little reliance on noble sentiments issued on the campaign trail. As an independent candidate, the best he can do, I think, is make trouble for Mr. Carter, a service the President is well able to perform for himself. So voting for Anderson would seem to serve no practical purpose, nor make any ideological point. If I decide to use my vote as a gesture (which depends on how badly Ronald Reagan frightens me in the next few months), I'd rather make it toward Barry Commoner.

THOMAS FERGUSON
JOEL ROGERS

We have seen it all before.

In an atmosphere thick with gloom and foreboding, a Presidential election looms. The leading candidates of both parties are old and tired, failing for the most part even to excite their paid staff. On a day when almost no one seems to be paying attention, an obscure politician with few prospects left in his home state announces for the Presidency. His campaign slogan is "Why Not the Best?"

The new candidate radiates sincerity and good will, and is expansive on the need for national reconciliation. He admits to occasional faults, but is not obviously connected with any of the latest Government fiascos. Indeed, his very obscurity exerts a peculiar appeal, and the forthright style he favors holds promise of honesty and vigor. Although an evangelical Protestant and loyal family man, he backs the Equal Rights Amendment and is liberal on abortion. Without apology, he adopts the sartorial politics of an anxious middle class, with his heart on the left but his wallet on the right.

Strange things begin to happen. For someone so little known, standing at the bottom of the polls, he receives an astounding amount of newsplay and editorial comment. We read in *The New York Times* that he holds a powerful attraction for voters that is difficult to define in conventional terms. Major columnists allude wistfully to his Presidential qualities, hinting that if he were only given a chance, he might heal a divided America. Though unsuccessful in the early primaries, he is judged to have "momentum," and begins a long ascent in the public eye.

What are we to make of this miracle of democracy?

The modern science of politics leaves only the obvious obscure. John Anderson, yet another member of the ubiquitous Trilateral Commission, is a wholly typical liberal internationalist with strong ties to big banks and multinational corporations. That he is fully committed to liberal internationalism may be inferred from his Congressional record, his Trilateral status, his prominent supporters and such supererogatory efforts as those he has made as board member of the Japan-United States Friendship Commission. At a time when the Rising Sun symbolizes threatening import competition and job loss, no issue of U.S. foreign economic policy is more highly charged than our relations with Japan. By identifying himself with the Friendship Commission, Anderson has sworn fealty to a liberally structured world economy, regardless of the effects at home.

Elsewhere Anderson's record is undistinguished. There are the bizarre Christian amendments, and a string of votes against both organized and unorganized labor. Anderson voted against labor law reform and common situs picketing legislation; he also supported bills to deny food stamps for striking workers and to reduce minimum wage protections. Despite current murmurings to the contrary, he has the strongest pro-nuke record in the House, and is scarcely the fierce consumer advocate he presents himself to be.

This does not mean that Anderson is an archaism on the scale of Ronald Reagan. If elected, he will not try to turn back the clock. Indeed, his policies will deviate little from Carter's. Like Carter, he will be less bellicose than Reagan (although his support for the neutron bomb and B-1 bomber suggests that he will be bellicose enough). Like Carter, he will pick his Cabinet almost exclusively from the Boston-Washington corridor of power. And, like Carter, he will aim to incorporate organized labor rather than destroy it, preferring to invoke the free-trade credo, market efficiency, or fashionable supply-side economics as a mask for the upward distribution of wealth and gradual deterioration of living standards among the working population that has marked the past several years.

There are few surprises here, but in 1980 there is also no excuse. One born-again Trilateralist is enough.

ELIZABETH POCHODA

Anderson? Oh, yes, anything to take my mind off the really scary race—the one between Z. Brzezinski and Richard Pipes. But no paranoid I: I'll be happy if we make it as far as the election.

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JAMES STORROW

The all-too-probable choice between major party candidates this November is hardly one to give much aid and comfort to a voter who is progressively inclined. The incumbent appears to combine most of the winsome character traits of the self-shelved Richard Nixon with an astonishing level of incompetence and ineptitude that the late Herbert Hoover could never hope to match. A comparison with the President whom *Nation* editorials of the time referred to as "Gamaliel" comes to mind.

Alternatively, we have a probable—if not inevitable—Republican candidate who has been at great pains to portray himself as the guardian of the GOP's extreme right wing. There may, of course, be a bit of the phony in Ronald Reagan the actor, who started public life as a left activist organizer of the Screen Actors' Guild and who, despite all his reactionary proclamations, managed during his two-term governorship of California to put through a bill legalizing state-supported abortion, to expand and liberalize the state welfare system—and to turn an inherited half-billion state deficit into an $800 million surplus. Who is the guy, anyway? Can anyone be sure about Ronald Reagan?

The principal alternative, of course, is John Anderson, the Republican Congressman from Rockford, Illinois, with a conservative—though decently so—record in the Congress spanning two decades. Decently so, because in terms of social issues, such as civil rights and civil liberties, the plight of the poor and the desperate situation of the black, his record has been clean and good.

But this year there seems to be a new (the word "reborn" has been pre-empted) John Anderson. He has styled himself a social liberal, but an economic conservative. His speeches seem quite in tune with such a claim: he has been at great pains, on occasion, to tell the single-issue devotees—farmers, veterans, right-to-lifers, hawks and others—the views that are consistent with his stance and that are precisely what they don't want to hear. He appears to have a strong antipathy either to talking down or to jollying up. His recent appearance before the NAACP in New York is the latest evidence of a form of integrity that might almost be called suicidal in its effects. He gets—and got, from the NAACP—a lukewarm reception. He didn't say the right things.

But he *has* been saying the right things, all along. Every time one tries to draw a bead on John Anderson, his posture is a bit further to the left of center, and he is voicing unpalatable truths. It has many times been said that Anderson is the best man around for the Presidency. It has been said, even more often, that he of course has no chance for election. And it has been asked, most of all, why should this be?

Why, indeed? We have an incumbent who has broken every promise he made to get elected, who has stubbed his toe, barked his shin, hit his head over and over and who has made the United States a laughingstock around the world. We have as his principal challenger a man who has trimmed his principles, changed his practices and swallowed his words so many times that one simply cannot tell what he stands for, if anything other than to make it to the White House. Is it any wonder that more than 50 percent of the American voters (according to recent polls) favor "none of the above"? Is John Anderson not "electable"? He had better be.

RICHARD LINGEMAN

John Anderson has many admirable qualities of intellect—including a lack of consistency, which Emerson called the hobgoblin of little minds—but at this point I remain volatilely committed to voting against Ronald Reagan. There is still the chance, though, that I will find somebody—or something—to vote for.

PETER SOURIAN

By now a candidate of Anderson's spots should already have addressed himself—with imagination and eloquence—to the question of the quality of life in this country. I put it very broadly: with all his sense of himself as a unique candidate in the field, he has not risen to the leadership task of talking about us as human beings in human terms. More than Kennedy, even more than Carter, Anderson sees unemployment, for example, as statistics, not men and women out of work. I have not heard him speak of the education of children, say, or the pursuit of happiness.

I am not impressed by Anderson for another reason, which is that his compulsive fiscal conservatism is real, and dangerously wrongheaded. He has seized on the single factor; not much less simplistically than Reagan four years ago, he harps on that old bugaboo, deficit spending. Do we have again to hear earnest exhortations that government spending is the basic inflationary pressure on the economy? I cannot be happy with a candidate who was a runner in the Republican pack a few days ago, and who slights the distinct and more serious inflationary pressures of the Big Business oligarchy and lagging productivity.

Finally, I am dubious of the way in which he has set himself apart from the other candidates, by intimating that unlike them he is somehow above playing the game. Since the parties have scarcely any philosophy, the real or apparent personality of the individual becomes dismayingly weighty. If the parties had a more serious politics, voters could come to *them* as a clientele for a program or platform; candidates would not be obliged to prostitute themselves in what is a marketplace for the buying and selling of votes.

Now, Carter, Kennedy, Reagan, et al. are not so stupid as not to know the ugly aspect of the game, yet they play it. Then comes Anderson, suggesting he won't play the game like those others. Merely to state this makes him stand out as being so much more decent, wise, et cetera, but it has nothing to do with filling the vacuum caused by the lack of party philosophy, which is the true justification for an independent candidacy. Having discovered the self as commodity, instead of attacking the system, he has set up his very own booth in the marketplace.

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AMY WILENTZ

In order to support John Anderson's recently announced independent bid for the Presidency, one must first believe that he is better qualified for the job than, say (in the most likely hypothetical), Ronald Reagan or Jimmy Carter. There has never been much question as to his superiority over Reagan, and now Carter has handed us an invasion's worth of evidence of his foolhardiness and incompetence. In other words, although Anderson is almost as conservative as wing-tip shoes, he has two things going for him: (*1*) he's never been President before and (*2*) he's not Ronald Reagan. One would like to say to Anderson, Presto! You're President!

But the man who would be President must first win an election, and in this case, Anderson or no Anderson, it looks to be a close one, one which Reagan could win. This stirs up, for some, unpleasant analogies to Eugene McCarthy's role in 1968. McCarthy's "crime," as many saw it, was passive; by refusing to support Hubert Humphrey, it was believed, he handed the Presidency to Richard Nixon. Anderson's sin, however, will be one of commission: his candidacy could produce President Reagan.

But must we so closely guard the Presidency against Reagan, for Carter, that we are prevented from trying something different? All along, voters have been complaining that Carter and Reagan offer us no choice—they are the same. Suddenly, when Anderson comes along, all good Democrats and all good liberals rush in to rally round the President. No one complained about Barry Commoner's entering the race, and that's not because he is a better, more politically acceptable candidate (though he is that) but because he is a weaker one. This tendency to support Carter and to discredit Anderson's candidacy stems from the historical weakness of third-party and independent candidates and from Anderson's potential strength. But if one really sees little difference between Reagan and Carter (and now there can't be much argument about that), why not rush to Anderson, instead?

SYDNE SILVERSTEIN

Obviously the two established political parties are not providing much of a choice for the 1980 Presidential election. Third-party or independent candidates should attempt to fill the vacuum. I would not vote for John Anderson because of his conservative record on labor issues and his pro-nuclear-power stand. I would prefer that anyone inclined to vote for him use that vote for Barry Commoner instead. The chances of a third party actually winning the White House are, of course, slim, but a vote for an independent like Anderson is a mere protest vote, while a vote for the Citizens' Party is at least a vote for a philosophy and a platform. We have been voting for the lesser of two evils for as long as I can remember. Perhaps enough people are fed up enough to make this a unique moment in history when a third-party candidate could actually be elected—but I doubt it. Even so, a substantial number of votes for the Citizens' Party would not only establish it as the base of a viable progressive party for the near future but, more immediately, would enable it to gain Federal funding after November. It would be unfortunate if third-party votes are cast in sufficient numbers that Ronald Reagan is elected President, but only a little worse than if those votes effected the re-election of Jimmy Carter.

READERS! Send us your views on the Best Man, 1980.

JANE HOLTZ KAY

If Jerry Brown was the urban environmentalist's dream, Ronald Reagan the nightmare, and Jimmy Carter the muddling reality, what is John Anderson?

An unknown future is the first response from those in the field. To some extent, this is unfair. Anderson's urban conservation ethic is on the record: he supported block grants for urban areas in 1976, as well as a matching-fund program to develop housing. He stands against the old-style Federal bulldozer approach currently abbreviated in the initials U.D.A.G. and has come out with a fairly straightforward statement on the subject. Here, at any rate, the conflict between "social welfare" and "fiscal conservatism" is somewhat resolved. The current progressive thinking on urban problems favors more local incentives and less direction from Washington, and revitalization rather than new construction. Though he still steals a leaf from Howard Jarvis in his homeowner tax credit notions, Anderson has paid attention to urban America.

In the energy field, Anderson's pro-nuke past bothers environmentalists. Too many flowers seem to bloom in his energy approach; there is rather more of a search-and-destroy stress on new sources than there is on conservation or solar energy. Nonetheless, Anderson did influence the passage of tax credits for insulation. His fifty-fifty gas tax plan—a 50-cent tax on every gallon of gas to be fed back into Social Security—at least gets down to more specifics than Carter's know-nothing, defense-heavy Department of Energy. Here, as with other issues, much of this may be posture and only modestly hopeful, but it may satisfy voters who have had to stop looking for even a *promise* of a Promised Land this election.

ALAN WOLFE

John Anderson is the true conservative in the race, the counterpoint to Ronald Reagan's radicalism and Jimmy Carter's managerialism. At one time, candidates inevitably converged toward the center as if they were on railroad tracks. Recently, however, the center track has disappeared and Anderson wants to find it. If he were elected, our politics would be back to the convergence between Dwight D. Eisenhower and John F. Kennedy.

I think Anderson should run as an independent for the same reason that I think World Airways should fly between the East and West coasts. Just as big corporations dominate

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and divide the market, the two parties dominate and divide the selection of candidates. I don't particularly like Ed Daly and World Airways, and I wouldn't fly on their planes. I don't particularly like John Anderson, and I will not vote for him (Commoner and Harris get my vote). But I am glad to see him running, because anything that both Carter and Reagan are against, I am for. Those who do everything to deny T.W.A. and American Airlines their patronage should do all they can to deny the Democrats and Republicans their votes.

At a time when Carter's inability to say that he would apologize for the crimes of the Shah has thoroughly disrupted America's sanity, Anderson's apology for his vote on the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution stands out as a gesture of courage. I am glad that he is a moral man. If only we were something other than an immoral society.

The best we can hope for in 1980 is to elect nobody. Our elections are a disgrace to ourselves as a people. As a political person, one who loves to discuss issues and policies, I hold my breath during each Presidential election and pull the pillow more tightly over my head. Somehow I manage to live through each one. The present one, though, has given me doubts. Let Anderson run. Let a thousand flowers bloom. The more disruption the man can cause, the better. To the degree that America is divided, disrupted and disunified, the world is that much safer.

ARTICLES.

Liberalism

(Continued From Front Cover)

eral victory will not be easy, for in a time of fear, conservatism sells stability and solidity (the traditional values), even though the contents of its ideological package are fraudulently labeled.

In our time, conservative thought and practice is shot through with antihumanist ideas and beliefs. One recurrent theme is an enthusiasm for discipline and a kind of social repression that forces a cap on people's feelings and thwarts their strivings to expand their sense of personhood. Despite their espousal of liberty in the marketplace and their protests against "bureaucracy" and government, conservatives fear social and political liberty. They believe that there has been too much freedom, spontaneity, permissiveness and new social thinking in the United States. According to them, what the American people need most is a good authoritarian spanking like former Vice President Spiro Agnew used to prescribe.

The mean-spiritedness of conservative American politics has now permeated numerous sectors of the population. Perplexed by inflation and unemployment, but unable to control the corporate system, these people choose to vent their rage on government. They see inefficiency, corruption and futile wars as the fruits of their taxes. The right has learned how to manipulate the frightened, the penurious and the hopeless, as the defeats of Senators Dick Clark in Iowa and Thomas McIntyre in New Hampshire have shown. Whether the issue is the Panama Canal Treaty, abortion, welfare "cheats" or arms limitations agreements, the right has learned how to mold social resentment into conservative vendettas, orchestrated by computerized mailing lists and directed against the modest, humane advances made over the last generation.

As political scientist Alan Wolfe has said, "There is a systematic campaign to reverse the 1960s, to roll back, one by one, every single gain made by progressive and minority groups of that period and to re-establish the status quo ante of 1952 in the United States. Some do not even seem satisfied with this, preferring a more golden age like 1927. Rip Van Winkle woke up to find himself in the future. In the aftermath of Vietnam and Watergate, America is waking up to find itself in the past."

We must ask, how did this happen?

Establishment Liberalism

The twentieth century has seen two modes of American liberalism—establishment liberalism and progressive liberalism. To no small degree, the differences between them are most clearly drawn in their views on the economy and the cold war.

From the New Deal onward, virtually all liberals assumed that strong Presidential leadership would serve as a counterweight to the rich and powerful. Establishment liberalism saw the President as a powerful champion of the people who would do battle with the privileged. The President would embody positive historical forces moving toward social equality and personal freedom *within a system of Big Business capitalism*. This arrangement was to be predicated upon a "deal." The President's style of liberalism, buttressed by a strong government, would act as the guarantor of the capitalist principle of socializing risk and privatizing gain. In exchange, the business classes, whom Franklin Delano Roosevelt called the "economic royalists," would accept a certain amount of taming through regulation. From the New Deal to the Lockheed Corporation bailout, the government was to serve as the nursing home of capitalism, administering to it lifesaving transfusions from the taxpayer.

This form of liberalism fostered a "partnership" theory of government in which government helped business thrive. People were encouraged to spend and borrow. Government was expected to prime the pump of consumerism. Liberals believed that the way to keep the domestic peace was "to

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throw money at problems." To pay for these programs, establishment liberals invented deficit financing and accepted a regressive tax structure. Liberals curried support for social welfare legislation in Congress, justifying it not as a matter of people's rights but as a way of keeping people loyal to the "system." The social welfare programs of the 1930s and the antipoverty programs of the 1960s were all promoted in Congress as the way to stop "the unruly classes" from burning down the cities. These Congressional liberals held that more of anything was better, so long as the economic pie kept growing. Borrowing against the future, unbalanced budgets and increasing the national debt were to be seen as positive goods. But by the late 1970s, even the supposedly liberal managers of large corporations made clear to unions and the government that the uneasy partnership between capital and labor was ending. Competition from abroad and the apparent acquiescence of the American public has revived the old-time religion of laissez-faire. According to the conservatives, the market system should be left to work its will, unchecked, as it did in the United States up until the 1930s, as it is doing now in Chile, Brazil and the poor urban areas of the United States: favoring the rich, expanding unemployment and depending upon military force to keep order.

The geopolitical bias of conventional liberalism set off an arms race that has grown to disastrous proportions, encouraged the development of sovereign oligopolistic corporations which the public is exhorted to trust as though they had a "corporate soul," and to endless geometric borrowing that increases the debt structure and generates inflation. The nostrums purveyed by the vital centrists are a human and political disaster. They have increased poverty, class stratification and reliance on an authoritarian police state to keep the poor and the wretched in their place while stifling protests about their plight. The politics of the neoconservatives, ranging from apostate liberals like Nathan Glazer to old-line conservatives like Barry Goldwater, are in the ascendant for the time being in both political parties. The difference between the two parties resembles the difference between Pepsi-Cola and Coca-Cola. The Republican Party may be called the Pepsi Party, since it was Nixon who got Pepsi into the Soviet Union; the Democrats are, perforce, the Coca-Cola Party because Carter paved the way for Coke's entrance into China. The establishment liberalism espoused by an Ed Koch is barely distinguishable from the brand vended by a Pat Moynihan or a Jack Kemp. Conventional liberalism, as exemplified by these men, has lost sight of equity and human needs.

Progressive Liberalism

But there is another strand of modern liberalism which has been free of historical ties to Big Business capitalism. This is progressive liberalism, and it is liberalism's most vibrant form, suffused with the restless energy of Americans in pursuit of justice and happiness. It always stood for a dual-sector economy of cooperatives, public enterprise and small businesses. It also propounded a noninterventionist and independent foreign policy. Its proponents applauded President Roosevelt when he asked how civilization could be based on reason when it solved human conflict through war and militarism. But they deplored Roosevelt's decision to restore economic pre-eminence to the great banks and corporations during World War II. Progressive liberalism's philosophical roots are in the pragmatism of John Dewey, the politics of Robert La Follette Sr. and the legal thought of William O. Douglas. It echoes the cry for economic justice that is heard in the works of Eugene Debs, Upton Sinclair, Walter Weyl, Charles Beard, Jane Addams and John L. Lewis, all of whom believed that workers should exercise control over their places of work, and evinced a deep suspicion toward unaccountable wealth privately held, unaccountable government and politicians who led their people into war or on imperial adventures.

Progressive liberalism, as a coherent program and vision, was washed out by the 1940s. By 1949, the left and humanist liberals, those who did not support the cold war or had doubts about the course of capitalism, were blacklisted and thrown out of virtually every institution of American life from the government to the film industry, journalism, unions and universities. And in the early 1950s, establishment liberals such as Hubert Humphrey began championing the national-security state, large defense budgets, covert operations abroad and anti-civil-liberties legislation at home.

After the demise of the New Deal, the failure to organize a national party of the left that challenged successfully the two-party cold-war and Big Business assumptions but was not naïvely pro-Soviet Union drove political activists to involve themselves in causes and single-issue groups. By the end of the 1950s, those who were not working in government or involved in electoral politics organized around civil rights, consumer rights, student rights, opposition to war and, later, women's rights, gay rights and protection of the environment. They sought answers to their problems in terms of their own immediate needs, interests and particular issues. But throughout the 1960s and 1970s there remained a gnawing perception that single-issue politics was self-defeating. Martin Luther King Jr., who understood the problems of those trapped in the single-issue ghetto, moved his constituencies beyond civil rights into the struggle for economic rights for the poor and working people and into the antiwar movement.

Up Against the System

Then, the Vietnam War touched off a resurgence of progressive liberalism that challenged the objectives of U.S. foreign, military and economic policies. A variety of social movements were united in the belief that institutions also had to be analyzed and transformed where they were faulty. For the first time since the Depression of the 1930s, liberals and activists sought to define and describe the nature of "The System." A younger generation, for whom McCarthyism held no terrors, followed another McCarthy against the war in Indochina.

The antiwar movement was limited in its purpose but

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slowly broadened its base and began to win over the liberals who supported the cold war and the policies of the great corporations. Each of the Kennedy brothers, for example, began as a conventional liberal dedicated to the national-security state and went on to embrace the tenets of progressive liberalism. Liberals from Americans for Democratic Action who had once favored the Truman guns-and-butter prosperity—indeed, helped develop that policy with Leon Keyserling and Robert Nathan—were, by the early 1970s, questioning this dogma. On the other hand, some cold-war liberals, such as Daniel Patrick Moynihan, moved logically toward conservatism. Many of these new converts were, like Moynihan, one generation removed from the slums and had begun their political odyssey as New Deal liberals. They were proud of their personal upward mobility but they feared the growing demands by women and minorities to enter the labor market on terms of full equality rather than as wards. They became conservatives because they feared—and still do—that they would lose their tenuously held positions on the economic and social ladder.

The social movements that shook the American consciousness from the late 1950s to the 1970s turned the Democratic Party into a battleground of conflicting definitions of liberalism. The emergence of George McGovern in 1972 seemed to unite the various factions that had been immersed in their separate issues, but this union proved premature. McGovern never found a way to talk effectively to labor union members or their leaders. And many of his followers were unable to find common ground with the labor movement on economic issues. While there was respect for labor among the various causes and public-interest groups, neither side had worked out a comprehensive agenda for dealing with the economic and social ills of American life. Nor did either labor or the left adequately gauge the strength of the right, comprehend the rapid decline of the American cities, or adequately understand how much their respective constituencies needed the others. Senator McGovern instead felt impelled to seek support from Wall Street and took an advertisement in *The Wall Street Journal* praising American Big Business and seemingly pledging his fealty to it.

The defeat of McGovern, a man who early on sensed correctly the innate corruption of Richard Nixon and his men, and his unwillingness to keep hold of the reins of the Democratic Party after his defeat, allowed the Democratic Party to choose a transitional figure as its candidate for President in 1976. In his successful drive for the Presidency, Jimmy Carter indiscriminately raided the ideological refrigerator while serving up the rhetoric of progressive liberalism. He called for substantial cuts in the defense budget and brought the 1976 Democratic convention to its feet when he said in his nominating speech that if this economic system could not bring full employment we had better develop a system that could. He sang "We Shall Overcome," praised populism, called for an end to foolish privilege among the Beverly Hills rich and played baseball with Ralph Nader. He appealed as well to a longing for roots and a yearning for the plain and unostentatious.

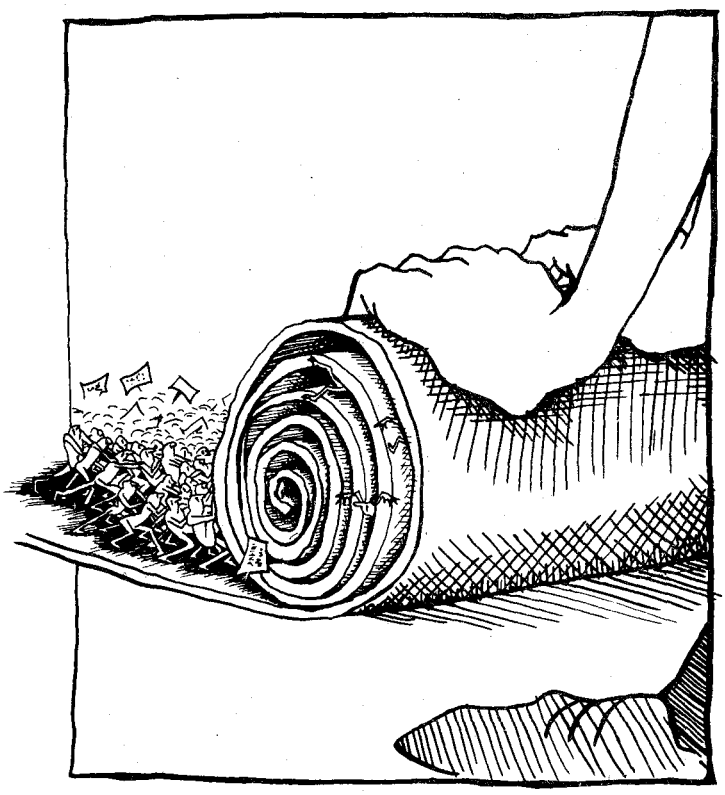
But while the packaging was populist and liberal, once he was in power, Carter's programs took a distinctly conservative turn, and now his Coca-Cola politics faces serious challenges from all sides. As Carter seeks to win new constituencies and friends by following conservative economic policies, liberals of all kinds have begun the slow and painstaking task of forming an alliance that would last beyond any single election.

Toward a New Liberalism

In October 1978, Douglas Fraser, president of the United Auto Workers, brought more than 100 labor unions and public-interest groups together in Detroit to talk about an alliance between labor and left-of-center groups. As each separate interest group voiced its needs, priorities and complaints, all those present experienced a growing awareness that so long as each cause and each union remained separate unto itself, it was isolated and lacking in purpose and momentum. They realized that their objectives were actually interdependent. Equal rights meant little without full employment. Full employment meant little if it was to be based on an unnecessary war economy that took the lion's share of the basic resources and talents of the society and fueled inflation. More schools meant nothing if children were harmed by how and what they were taught. What was needed, in short, was a comprehensive program for liberalism in the 1980s.

To formulate such a program, it is first necessary to define the values upon which it is founded. These values must say to the former liberals who have joined the conservative ranks that they should return to their roots, and convince conservatives that the values they now espouse do not conserve civilization but rather hasten its demise.

A special effort should be made to reach the middle class.



DRAWINGS BY LIZA DONNELLY

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Those who are fearful of losing their hard-won status should be told that they have been hoodwinked. They must abandon the illusions that have been foisted on them. Prominent among these illusions is the one that says that the American middle class is an independent class. On the contrary, it is a *debtor* class. Historically, the middle class was defined in terms of ownership of capital, its control over real property. Its status was derived from ownership of property or from a skill and a productive capacity that made a person independent. But in our day most of the people who think of themselves as middle class are salaried and are chronically in debt for consumer goods. Being a debtor class, without capital, they are vulnerable to the whims of creditors and the ups and downs of the economic system. The only way to break free from this dependency is for the middle class to champion values and programs that aim for the common good, which, I might add, does not mean "the vital center."

A Core of Values

Progressive liberalism seeks a "core of values" that will inform the daily choices made by government, institutions that operate in the public sector, and economic units that affect people's daily lives. These values are fairness, security, cooperation, dignity and participation. They are interrelated.

In a democracy, *fairness* means stringent limits on personal wealth and the abolition of poverty. Otherwise, political equality and citizenship are myths. If our laws and regulations in the political and economic sphere do not reflect this purpose, there will be increasing class stratification, malaise, decay, mean-spiritedness and inequity in the society. Without a clearly defined standard of fairness—translated into a progressive participatory tax structure, common ownership of natural resources and common tasks—people will not be citizens of one nation and there will be many "other Americas."

Economic security is crucial. It is achieved by formulating governmental and voluntary policies that encourage people to live productive lives freed of the whip of economic necessity. In part, this is accomplished through the adoption of a national-security system and a foreign policy that do not court war, or prepare for war—whether genocidal or limited—and call it peace. In people's daily lives it means the guarantee of creative work at all occupational levels. People should be encouraged to be inventive in their jobs and to engage in the kind of work that contributes to the good of the community as well as the worker. This is achieved by encouraging public-sector investment and democracy in the workplace.

Security cannot be created without *cooperation*. Cooperation rather than competition and selfishness is the fundament of America's future—a bonding system that rejects the extraordinary class privilege of a Rockefeller or the infantile selfishness preached by Ayn Rand. Cooperation means being responsible for one another as teacher and student, consumer and worker. It means developing technologies that foster participatory democracy in the economic and political system. It is grounded in a sense of individual *dignity* which sets limits to both governmental and corporate intervention in people's lives. There are rights of personhood which we expect from one another and from government in our social, economic and political intercourse. These rights—freedom of speech, assembly, association, among others—differentiate us from the beasts. Our laws must create the necessary conditions for dignity and respect—one to another, old and young, between the sexes and races, between the stronger and weaker. Finally, we know that these values cannot be accomplished without *participation*—the people judging and deciding through the political, productive and consuming process. It is the people who must have the sovereign power to assert these values in the political and economic spheres.

The progressive liberal political program starts with the spirit of cooperative responsibility for our own society and the realization that American well-being includes sharing its abundance and technical skill with the world. It means living as one nation among many, without threatening others or interrupting their own social processes. It means an end to the profound disparity between the rich and poor, domestically and internationally.

The objectives of progressive liberalism are easily understood: everyone is entitled to work; individual accumulation is secondary to the development of the common heritage and common wealth; citizenship must now extend to the workplace; we must reconsider and transform our defense policies and international purposes so as to achieve a truly secure society at home.

A Human-Rights Agenda

From this core of values we may derive a four-point human-rights agenda aimed at transforming the state's purposes.

(*1*) Implementation of a human-rights policy and program *within* the United States.

(*2*) Reinvigoration of our governmental processes with a steady increase of citizen participation in deliberation over public matters.

(*3*) Application of principles of economic democracy and publicly framed investment decisions to the misnamed "private" sector—the *Fortune* 500 corporations.

(*4*) Reformulation of American foreign and national security policy so that it reflects common interests of the American people in a diverse but emergent world civilization.

There is the erroneous belief in the United States that we do not have domestic human-rights problems. This confusion stems from a rather narrow understanding of what is meant by human rights. Human rights is intertwined with modern liberalism and the American nation's understanding of its collective purpose, both for itself and for other nations. In January 1944, President Roosevelt put forward a "second Bill of Rights under which a new basis of security and prosperity can be established for all—regardless of station, race or creed." He noted that "political rights proved inadequate to assure us equality in the pursuit of happiness." And he laid out eight other rights which were not meant to be limiting but which he thought were basic to

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modern America: In the coming months these rights will be reformulated for our period by the Progressive Alliance. They will serve as the basis for a liberal agenda.

§ The right to a useful and remunerative job in the industries or shops or farms or mines of the nation.

§ The right to earn enough to provide adequate food and clothing and recreation.

§ The right of every farmer to raise and sell his products at a return that will give him and his family a decent living.

§ The right of every businessman, large and small, to trade in an atmosphere of freedom from unfair competition and domination by monopolies at home or abroad.

§ The right of every family to a decent home.

§ The right to adequate medical care and the opportunity to achieve and enjoy good health.

§ The right to adequate protection from the economic fears of old age, sickness, accident and unemployment.

§ The right to a good education.

"All of these rights spell security," Roosevelt said. "And after this war is won we must be prepared to move forward, in the implementation of these rights, to new goals of human happiness and well-being. America's own rightful place in the world depends in large part upon how fully these and similar rights have been carried into practice for our citizens. For unless there is security here at home there cannot be lasting peace in the world."

In his 1945 State of the Union Message, President Roosevelt justifiably feared a rightist reaction against human rights, which came true a few years later. The Eisenhower period was dominated by fears that human-rights internationalism—espoused in the economic, social and legal Covenants on Human Rights and in the United Nations Declaration of Human Rights—would threaten the basic privilege of America's moneyed classes, bringing socialism in through the United Nations. Conservative leaders of the 1950s like Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and Senator John Bricker, although they were political enemies on many issues, were united in their disdain for and hatred of the U.N. Declaration.

In February 1978, President Carter finally signed the U.N. human-rights covenants (albeit with more than fifty "reservations"). These documents are now before the Senate for ratification. Even though there is much room for skepticism about the Carter human-rights program—since it has been used as a selective, strategic weapon in Zbigniew Brzezinski's geopolitics—Carter's signature *does* reopen the debate that Roosevelt initiated over a generation ago. Unfortunately, the Carter Administration does not have a program of *implementation* to go with the covenants he signed. Indeed, Carter's current budget flies directly in the face of the covenants on economic rights, for it penalizes the recipients of social services while balancing the budget for the *rich* (and not the citizenry as a whole).

The rhetoric of fiscal responsibility by our nation's "leaders" sidesteps the fundamental debate which our democracy must have on the nature of its economic system. For too long, both business and government have resorted to manipulative accounting which gives the *appearance* of solvency and managerial productivity when neither is present. This one-sided, exploitative economic shell game cannot be resolved by a mystical belief in invisible hands or free enterprise, when, in fact, the system is being manipulated by specific groups and individuals for their own gain. Political action is required. Counterposed to this power must be the might of an aroused and civically militant citizenry, organized into a new progressive movement that will protect individual freedom and dignity and enrich the culture as it reorganizes the economy and transforms the national-security state. This is the political and intellectual task of our generation. We must not fail. □

WHAT'S LEFT?

A Guide to the Sectarian Left

GEORGE VICKERS

The left that emerged during the 1960s was "new" in very real ways. It lacked historical or organizational roots in earlier radical traditions and grew up in the relative affluence of an expanding economy and a changing international climate in which East-West conflict was gradually being overshadowed by the growing North-South division. And it flourished within popular movements that tended to be single-issue in focus and ad hoc in character, rather than under the direction of leftist parties.

Never fully articulated, the vision of the New Left developed through a multiplication of movements and a joining together around issues, rather than as the result of the emergence of one organization capable of providing strategic and tactical leadership to those sharing the vision. As "new" issues like feminism and gay rights germinated within existing movements, disputes began to multiply over structure and program, and by the end of the 1960s the left had become increasingly revolutionary in rhetoric but increasingly divided in practice.

The decline of the antiwar and black movements was followed by an emotional letdown from the intensity of the 1960s and a turning inward. Ten years later, it is evident that the most lasting legacy of the 1960s is a profound disenchantment with both the liberal and the conservative policies that have guided American politics since the New Deal. The prevailing mood in the country is one of frustration and cynicism that finds expression in pendulumlike strokes of anger—lashing out here at Big Government, there at Big Business—unable to center itself in any new vision that can channel this anger into a sustained effort at change.

The critical issues for the left in the 1960s were racism and

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American imperialism. In the early 1970s the focus shifted to issues of sexism and sexual preference. And today the key issues are energy and corporate power.

The issues related to nuclear power and safer energy alternatives affect, in one way or another, a majority of the population. This has led some 1960s veterans, as well as a newer generation of activists, to view nuclear power as *the* issue for the left today. But the initial appeal of the antinuclear movement is only the opening round in a long struggle, and it remains to be seen whether that movement can grow and attract a broader following. Can the American antinuclear movement join and help stimulate a truly international movement with any prospect of success? Can it articulate and win support for a policy of socializing energy development, and can rational national planning be combined with decentralized control of energy sources? The struggle to limit corporate power is intensifying.

Consumer and environmental forces associated with Ralph Nader and Barry Commoner joined together with union leaders and left organizations to sponsor Big Business Day last month. The Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition headed by William Winpisinger, president of the International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers, is fighting the decontrol of oil prices. The Progressive Alliance was formed in 1978 by the United Auto Workers and now consists of some eighty-five minority, consumer, women's, liberal and labor groups which are working to obtain legislation requiring employers to provide financial assistance to workers and communities affected by plant closings. Together, these same forces are pressing for Congress to approve an act which calls for public representatives on the boards of directors of corporations, more disclosure of corporate information, tougher sanctions against white-collar crime and greater worker freedom within the workplace. There are other arenas—draft resistance, independent electoral politics, neighborhood preservation and so on—where the left is also visibly active.

But "the left" is not a coherent entity. The socialist ideal of economic equality achieved through some form of collective ownership and control of the means of production is fundamental to the self-definition of avowedly "left" organizations. Yet even at this basic level there are disagreements over whether *economic* equality is sufficient as well as necessary, over the meaning of "collective" ownership and the proper forms of collective control and over the proper strategies for achieving the socialist ideal.

The Sectarian Left

Coexisting with more indigenous forms and moods of American radicalism there is an ideologically "pure" left, often sectarian and rent by splits and schisms. The mass media tend to confuse the former with the latter, and since so much of the sectarian left's time is spent on what appears to be infighting, the tendency is to ignore its values, its vision and its differences, which are sometimes petty, sometimes real. At its worst, this breed of radical tends to view every struggle in apocalyptic terms. Victory must be total; anything less is defeat or "reformism." Disillusionment is one consequence of such a view; sectarianism is another. Yet despite this, the ideological and programmatic enclaves within which the sectarian American left finds expression provide a microcosm of the problems and prospects for the left as a whole. The map to their energies, organizations and views which follows is offered in that spirit.

Democratic Socialism

Since the Russian Revolution in 1917, the American left has been split into "Communist" factions which believe that socialism can be achieved only through a revolutionary struggle led by a tightly disciplined "vanguard" party representing the industrial working class and "democratic socialists" who maintain that socialism can be won through the democratic processes available in the United States. These factions disagree not only over the internal structure of left organizations but also over whether to allow democratic freedoms of speech, press and political organizing to enemies of socialism and over how much support to provide "socialist" countries.

During the first two decades of this century, the banner of democratic socialism was carried principally by the Socialist Party. At its peak, the party published thirteen daily newspapers and 298 weeklies, and in 1912 its Presidential candidate, Eugene Debs, received 6 percent of the national vote. In 1972, the hollow remnants of the proud "party of Debs"—reduced over the decades to a few hundred active members—split into three distinct organizations, each claiming the legacy of democratic socialism.

One faction, composed of a few hundred middle-aged, primarily Midwestern members, retains the Socialist Party name. David McReynolds of the War Resisters League is the Presidential candidate of the S.P. Many of the members are involved in pacifist organizations and in antinuclear movements, but the organization is largely stagnant, with no unique identity or program that could attract new members.

The right wing of the old Socialist Party has reformed as the Social Democrats U.S.A. Under the leadership of Bayard Rustin, this faction supported American policy in Vietnam, provides uncritical backing for Israel and is aligned with the top leadership of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. on domestic policy. Few outside the organization (and, perhaps, within it as well) consider the Social Democrats still part of the American left.

The most active faction is led by Michael Harrington, whose Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee (D.S.O.C.) claims more than 3,000 members. The majority of these are "paper" members, however, and the D.S.O.C. probably has a core of closer to 300 activists. The organization is working within the Democratic Party to articulate a democratic socialist position—particularly on domestic issues—and it has successfully recruited a national board that includes labor leaders and even members of Congress like Ron Dellums of California.

D.S.O.C. members have been active in the formation of

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coalitions like the Citizen/Labor Energy Coalition and the Progressive Alliance, and the most important outcome of the D.S.O.C.'s work has been to give a certain respectability to the espousal of socialism within unions and in the political arena. Not since the 1940s has such open advocacy been possible.

The New American Movement (N.A.M.) was formed almost at the same time as D.S.O.C., but has its roots in the movements of the 1960s rather than in the older traditions of the Socialist Party. While committed to democratic socialism, N.A.M. has stressed the need for racial and sexual equality as well as economic justice, and its internal structure requires an equal voice for women.

Eschewing "vanguardism" and intense ideological debate, N.A.M. chapters are heavily involved in locally based, issue-oriented movements concerned with energy, health care, taxes and other bread-and-butter issues. The organization had its ups and downs in the 1970s, gaining strength when a faction split off from the Communist Party to join it. Today it has about 800 activists, and is going through an internal debate over whether or not to merge with D.S.O.C.

To the extent that democratic socialism envisages a society in which economic equality is coupled with political freedom, it retains a powerful appeal to the left. But in practice, its programs have often proven susceptible to cooptation by capitalist interests seeking to quiet opposition by modest reforms.

Communism

Among radicals in the 1960s, the Communist Party (C.P.) was something of a joke. The "progressive youth" and the occasional cadre who showed up at meetings seemed basically irrelevant to the times as they rambled on about the Soviet Union's "desire for peace" and the need to fight the "bosses." It was hard to take them seriously, and the almost rabid anti-Communism of many old democratic socialists seemed both misplaced and vindictive. The nonexclusionary policies of the 1960s left resulted more from *anti*-anti-Communism than from any interest in what the Communists had to say.

Today the C.P. is again a significant force. By far the largest organization on the left, the party has doubled or tripled its membership in the 1970s. The C.P. does not publish membership figures, but party sources claim a current membership of nearly 15,000. During its convention last August, the party attracted some 7,000 people to a rally in Cobo Hall in Detroit. Somewhere between a third and a half of the membership is black or Hispanic, and, for the first time in decades, the average age of party members is declining.

Party members are found almost everywhere the left is active today, but the main pockets of its strength and organizing efforts are in minority communities, in the senior citizens' movement, in union rank-and-file groups, in labor/consumer coalitions and in the peace movement.

There are several reasons for the C.P.'s gains. The decline of the black movement—particularly its separatist wing—coincided with the C.P.'s leadership of the Angela Davis Defense Committee. The party has remained one of the few national organizations concentrating on the defense of black and Hispanic communities against racist and economic exploitation, and its work in this area is now institutionalized through the National Alliance Against Racist and Political Repression.

In a similar fashion, the party's insistence that the struggle for socialism is a long-term one that develops in stages was more congenial to the 1970s than it was to the apocalyptic climate of the late 1960s. Moreover, the current deepening economic crisis has generated a sympathetic interest in the party's strategy of building an "antimonopoly coalition" of workers, consumers and the minority poor.

The C.P.'s strength in the senior citizens' movement is not so surprising when one realizes that the young radicals of the 1930s are among today's senior citizens. Perhaps the growing militance of this movement will help to dispel the popu-

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lar myth that becoming more conservative as one grows older is somehow inherent in the aging process.

Yet, despite the indisputable gains of the C.P. over the past decade, the prospects for continued growth are uncertain. The main obstacle remains what it has always been: the party's close identification with and continuing support for the foreign policy line of the Soviet Union. During the period of détente this issue receded into the background, but it is returning with a vengeance as the rhetoric of a new cold war escalates.

Wherever leftists publicly gather to discuss the significance of Iran, Afghanistan and the changing political climate, party members appear to support the Soviet actions. The party newspaper, the *Daily World*, bombards readers with accounts like "Soviet Assistance in the People's Interests," and other reports so one-sided as to be embarrassing. The effect of this has been to generate real hostility toward the party among many people who have previously worked with it in coalitions.

The real test of whether the C.P. can capture the leading role that it holds in the Western European left will come as a new generation of leadership takes over. The aging bureaucracy that still controls the party has never broken with its Stalinist past, and it remains to be seen whether a younger generation of members, such as Angela Davis, Mike Zagarel and Jarvis Tyner, have the vision and the political skills to move the party in new directions.

Trotskyism

Since the 1930s, the American left has developed its own variations on Trotskyism, which in essence holds that socialism in one country is impossible until the worldwide triumph of socialism. Until then, Trotskyists believe, the victory of socialist or Communist movements in particular countries will necessarily be "deformed" by nationalism, reformism and other defects. Thus, the Trotskyists refuse to accept any existing socialist country as a model for emulation.

On other questions, however, Trotskyists are in basic agreement with the Communist position. They believe that socialism can be attained only through revolutionary struggle; they believe the industrial proletariat is the agent of revolutionary change, and they believe that a vanguard party must lead the revolutionary struggle.

Attitudes toward the Trotskyists are based as much on their strategy and tactics as on their theoretical positions. Given their view that true socialism must await worldwide revolution, the Trotskyists put forth "transitional programs" which, while not overtly socialist, are supposed to move the working class closer to socialist ideology. Many other leftists have criticized this strategy as a kind of opportunism that exploits transient emotions aroused by certain issues of the moment without dealing with the underlying causes.

A tactic that has aroused considerable hostility among other leftists is the so-called "French Turn," in which Trotskyists join another movement or organization and then seek to take control by packing meetings and placing their members in key staff positions. When successful, they use this control to build their party strength and to implement their party line at the expense of other leftist organizations.

To the Trotskyists, of course, such complaints are merely sour grapes, the complaints of those whose own organizational efforts have failed. And there is no doubt that the crucial element in the gains of the largest Trotskyist group, the Socialist Workers Party (S.W.P.), was its ability to maintain a high degree of discipline and organizational efficiency with a well-trained and highly motivated cadre of organizers.

For a time in the 1970s, the S.W.P. threatened to replace the Communist Party as the dominant party organization on the left. The S.W.P. argued that the women's movement, the Chicano movement, the black movement, the gay movement and other expressions of "cultural" and "national" opposition represented a "new radicalization" of elements of the working class. This radicalization, the S.W.P. maintained, could be translated into support for a mass revolutionary party—led, of course, by the S.W.P.

The S.W.P. strategy was aided by the disintegration of the Students for a Democratic Society (S.D.S.) in 1969, leaving the youth wing of the party, the Young Socialist Alliance (Y.S.A.) as the only remaining national antiwar organization on college campuses. S.W.P. and Y.S.A. members created front organizations to promote the party's viewpoint within the women's and Third World movements, while other party activists sought to take over existing organizations.

The strategy proved successful. At its peak, the Y.S.A. attracted nearly 5,000 people to its convention, and electoral support for S.W.P. candidates in local and national elections increased sharply. In 1975, the S.W.P. Presidential candidate received more votes than the candidate of the Communist Party. The S.W.P. also gained a great deal of publicity and support from its suit to obtain Federal Bureau of Investigation files under the Freedom of Information Act, and the resultant disclosure of harassment and persecution of party members by Government agents.

In 1977, however, the S.W.P. abruptly changed course, partly under pressure from Trotskyist groups abroad. That summer, the leadership of the Fourth International (the worldwide organization of major Trotskyist parties) criticized the "new radicalism" analysis and supported those in the leadership of the S.W.P. who argued for a return to the traditional emphasis on organizing the industrial proletariat. The rest of the American leadership subsequently supported the policy shift, and as a result, many new recruits—especially women—left the party in disillusionment. Internal party documents indicate that the current combined membership of the S.W.P. and Y.S.A. is about 1,800 and that as many as 1,200 of these are working in industry.

While the S.W.P. has declined, another Trotskyist party has gained somewhat. The Workers World Party is essentially indistinguishable from its youth group, the Youth Against War and Fascism (Y.A.W.F.), which has been

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highly visible as one of the few antiwar organizations continuing to organize support for national liberation movements in recent years.

Workers World was formed in the late 1950s when Sam Marcy and others broke with the S.W.P. over the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956 (Marcy supported the invasion, the S.W.P. opposed it). Although the party accepts the basic Trotskyist position on socialism in one country, in most other respects its policies are almost identical with those of the Communist Party. More than half the total membership of around 1,200 are located in New York State.

There are, literally, dozens of other Trotskyist sects ranging from the Spartacists to Workers Vanguard, but the only one with significant influence in recent years was the International Socialists (I.S.) I.S. is active in the leadership of the Teamsters for a Democratic Union (T.D.U.) although the most popular T.D.U. leader—Pete Camarata—has now split from I.S. to form a new group called Workers Power.

Indeed, if there has been one overriding theme to American Trotskyism, it has been the almost suicidal impulse to factionalize. As Max Schactman (himself a founder of the Trotskyist movement in the United States) once said of the Trotskyist sects of the 1930s, "Each constituted a new organization whose program was as clear of deviations as its ranks were of members. . . . All of them marched resolutely into early oblivion, together with their programs, their polemics and their periodicals."

Maoism

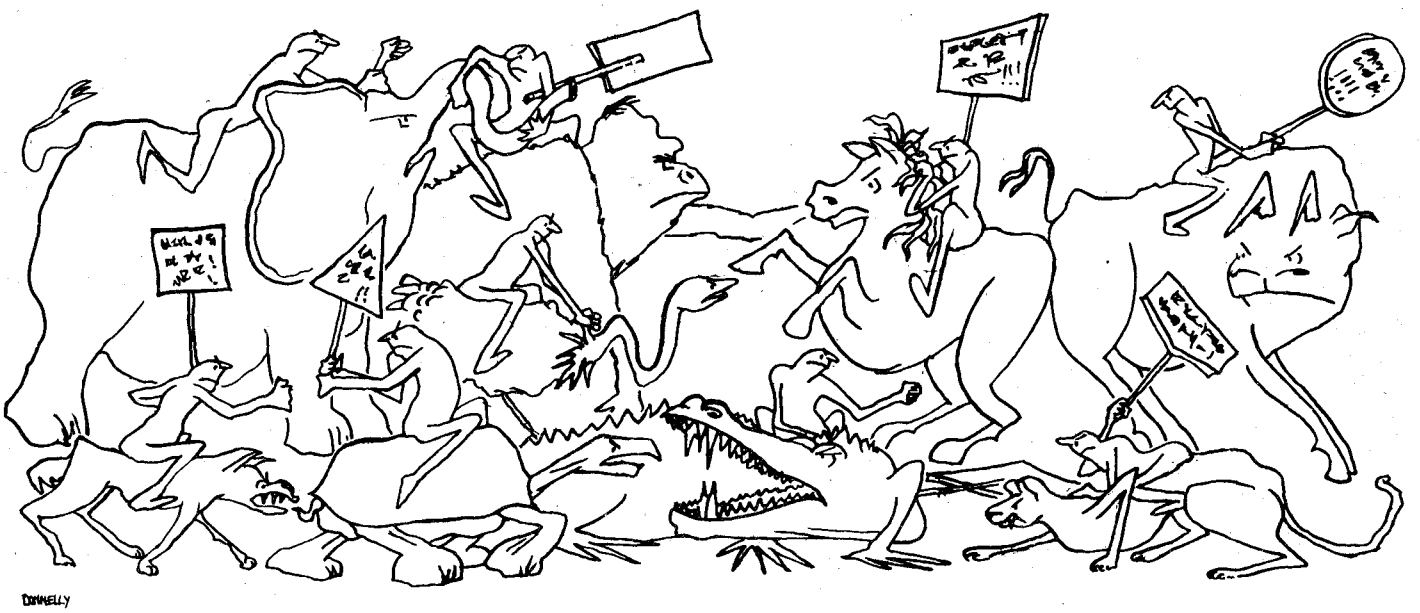
Although it is the newest variant of Marxism, the influence of Maoism on the American left has been both profound and divisive. As an analysis that emphasizes the ways in which colonialism, racism and other forms of oppression transform the class struggle and challenge the classic revolutionary model based on the industrial proletariat, Maoism has been a major influence on leftist thought. But to the extent that Maoism has meant a concern for the internal disputes of the Chinese Communist Party, it has resulted in sectarianism and organizational splits bizarre even by Trotskyist standards.

The first of what would later become a myriad of Maoist organizations was the Progressive Labor Party (P.L.). Formed as the Progressive Labor Movement in 1962 by people who had quit or been purged from the Communist Party, the P.L. sided with the Chinese in arguing that the main danger in the world was not the possibility of nuclear war but the expansion of U.S. imperialism. It argued that the main international thrust of the left should be to support national liberation movements, and that within the United States the "Black Liberation Movement" represented the most advanced sector of the working-class struggle.

As the black movement became more separatist in the late 1960s, and as the Vietnamese National Liberation Front entered into negotiations with the U.S. Government, P.L. adopted the slogan "All nationalism is reactionary." It attacked the Black Panthers both for their supposed nationalism and for their focus on organizing poor and unemployed blacks rather than the black working class, and it attacked the N.L.F. for "selling out" the Vietnamese revolution. Instead, P.L. called for the formation of a Worker-Student Alliance in which students would play a supportive role to the industrial proletariat in organizing a vanguard party.

The main recruiting ground for the Progressive Labor Party was the S.D.S., and its efforts reached a peak at the 1969 national S.D.S. convention, at which it claimed about half the delegates. The P.L. delegates were "expelled" by the other half of the convention and, despite efforts to claim the mantle of leadership in the months that followed, the P.L. has basically been in decline since that time. Following a number of splits and purges, the P.L. is now reduced to perhaps 200 members concentrated in San Francisco, Boston and New York. Its only major activity is the International Committee Against Racism, which has organized protests against I.Q. testing and cutbacks in medical services to the poor.

During the S.D.S. split, the anti-P.L. forces were grouped



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into two "tendencies" known as Revolutionary Youth Movement-I (R.Y.M.-I) and Revolutionary Youth Movement-II (R.Y.M.-II). R.Y.M.-I was later known as Weatherman. While opposed to the P.L., the two groups disagreed sharply over the role of students in a revolutionary struggle. Where Weatherman argued that a revolutionary youth movement of students and white working-class youth could fight directly for socialism, R.Y.M.-II agreed with the P.L. argument that the industrial working class was *the* agent of change, and they opposed violent tactics by students on the ground that these alienated white workers.

Weatherman members went underground in the early 1970s to conduct a campaign of bombing and sabotage. Today, however, these actions have largely ceased as a result of the failure of the campaign to win popular support. Aboveground Weatherman supporters remain active on the West Coast through the Prairie Fire Organizing Committee, and on the East Coast through the May 19th Communist Organization. The combined membership is, at most, 200.

Led by Mike Klonsky, a former national officer of S.D.S., many of the R.Y.M.-II supporters formed the Communist Party (Marxist-Leninist), or C.P.M.L. The organization is Maoist with members in Boston, the West Coast and the South, and a few years ago the leadership shifted many members to the "industrial heartland" of the Midwest.

The C.P.M.L. has somewhere between 800 and 1,000 members, and is the dominant faction in the U.S.-China People's Friendship Association, which sponsors many of the travel exchanges between the two nations. Several years ago, the group seized control of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (S.C.E.F.) in a bitter struggle that ended with the departure from the fund of several well-known civil rights figures, including Anne Braden. The Maoist faction in S.C.E.F. was led by Bob Zellner, one of the more successful Southern civil rights organizers, but he has since split with the C.P.M.L. and the educational fund has declined.

Illustrative of the kinds of splits affecting the Maoist left is the history of the Revolutionary Communist Party (R.C.P.). In 1968, a group of disillusioned Progressive Labor Party activists joined with independent leftists in the San Francisco area to form the Bay Area Revolutionary Union (B.A.R.U.) The B.A.R.U. disputed the P.L.'s position on the Black Panthers and the Vietnamese National Liberation Front, arguing that these groups were really the vanguard of the anti-imperialist movement, and called for the formation throughout the country of Maoist cells that could become the basis for a new revolutionary party.

Within the B.A.R.U., however, a major rift appeared over the role of armed struggle in the party-building process. While one faction emphasized party building and changed its name to the Revolutionary Union (R.U.), Stanford Prof. Bruce Franklin and others who advocated greater emphasis on armed struggle broke off to form a new group called Venceremos. Many of the most militant Venceremos members were soon underground or in jail, and within a year those remaining in Venceremos dissolved the organization.

Unofficially, however, many of these former Venceremos members formed a clandestine group called the Communist Party, U.S.A. (Provisional), which continues to organize through a front body, the National Labor Federation, which in turn is comprised of groups like the Eastern Farmworkers Association, California Homemakers Association and other projects set up to organize seasonal workers, temporary workers and the unemployed. These groups currently have a total of perhaps 200 party members nationally.

Meanwhile, those who had remained in the Revolutionary Union adopted a strategy of organizing workers in "critical" industries—primarily in the communications field. Several years ago, the R.U. changed its name to the Revolutionary Communist Party (R.C.P.) and its members have been especially active within communications industry unions and in organizing transit and postal workers.

The international perspective of the R.C.P. was closely wedded to the Maoism of the Cultural Revolution in China, and the organization supported the "Gang of Four." Since the downfall of that group, the R.C.P. has sought to discredit the current Chinese leadership and to mobilize support under the slogan "Support the Gang of Five" (the fifth being Mao himself). Many members on both the East and West coasts opposed this position, and two years ago split off to form still another organization known as the Revolutionary Workers Headquarters.

Today, the R.C.P. has grown more apocalyptic and sectarian than ever. The Revolutionary Workers Headquarters, on the other hand, seems to be having some organizing success within rank-and-file union movements. Members have been given leadership roles in strikes and negotiations, although some of them complain that this has not resulted in greater worker membership in the party. The R.C.P. and the Revolutionary Workers Headquarters, according to estimates by current and former members, each have about 500 members.

The most prominent of the Maoist groups in recent months has been the Communist Workers Party, five of whose members were killed late last year while leading an anti-Ku Klux Klan demonstration in Greensboro, North Carolina. The C.W.P. recently changed its name from Worker's Viewpoint, and before that was known as the Asian Study Group. Comprised originally of Maoist Asian-Americans, the group gained some whites and American blacks when a Marxist-Leninist faction broke off from the New American Movement several years ago. The C.W.P. basically takes the same position on China as the Revolutionary Communist Party, and was a vocal supporter of the Pol Pot regime in Cambodia. In addition to its anti-Klan work in the South, the party is actively organizing in Brooklyn and in the shipyards of Chester, Pennsylvania. The membership is in the neighborhood of 300.

The Maoists have been a potent force in the left of the 1970s, and in strictly numerical terms they remain significant. Yet, as the growing pace of factionalism suggests, a sense of failed possibilities and a grasping for new approaches are evident in their efforts. In this, the Maoists are fairly typical of the entire sectarian left today. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Down on the Farm

RICHARD LINGEMAN

THREE FARMS. *By Mark Kramer. Atlantic-Little, Brown and Company. 274 pp. $12.95.*

Asked by a farmer in Wichita recently if he supported 100 percent parity, Ronald Reagan pleaded non compos mentis. Actually, his views on parity are orthodox: "You subsidize the inefficient when you put a floor under the market price."

Parity was introduced in 1933 as a Depression measure, but farmers had been calling for something like it since at least the early 1920s, when farm prices were depressed. In an essay of the time entitled "The Husbandman," H. L. Mencken excoriated farmers as "prehensile morons" and "puerile loafers and gamblers." Look at wheat farmers, Mencken said. "If the price goes up, then we pay them an extra and unearned profit. If it goes down, then they demand legislation to prevent it going down next time."

Now comes Mark Kramer with *Three Farms*, one of the best books on farming in a while, and nary a mention of parity. By avoiding this political hot-air balloon and approaching his subject with vision unblurred by ideological eyewash, Kramer has produced a gracefully written time-and-motion study; he has brought off the difficult feat of not only describing in lucid and rich detail what farmers do and why they do it but of personifying the larger economic forces that drive the modern husbandman.

Kramer's book has an aptness geographically; it moves west, as did American farming, and begins in Massachusetts, as American farming also did. For the first of his three farms, he portrays a dairy farm that has been in the Totman family for four generations. Raymond Totman, 75, is retired; in his lifetime he has seen farming change from horses and hand-milking to milkers employing sensors and microcomputers and a genetically engineered supercow named Beecher Arlinda Ellen that gives more than 50,000 pounds of milk a year (the national average in the United States in 1976 was 10,500 pounds per cow). Now, Raymond sits back and waits for death, a man who can say, "I had work to do. Now I've done it." His son Lee runs the farm and Raymond says, "Any old farmer would like looking out and seeing his son at work."

Such generational continuity is, of course, rare today on a single farm; five of six New England farms have gone under during the past quarter-century (the floor of parity has many trapdoors), and dairy farming is the last gasp of New England farming. Lee, however, is abidingly involved in the family spread, and is a top-notch, moneymaking farmer as well. We see him at work, through Kramer's camera eye, planting the hay and corn that will be processed into silage for the cows, which will convert it into milk to be sold and manure to be recycled back into the fields. A symmetrical domestic economy is at work.

Yet even the Totmans' picture-book New England establishment is vulnerable to the forces of concentration that are driving the small operator out of American farming. Kramer's thesis, elaborated in each of the three farm portraits in the book, is simple: farming has become more mechanized and capital-intensive. As a result, "Changes currently taking place in the food system are shifting into fewer hands the power to decide who pays how much for what food." Putting it another way, industrialization of farming has been so successful that to compete, a farmer needs more machinery which in turn means more land or larger herds to justify the machinery which means larger capitalization, which has increasingly meant, hello, corporate farmer, goodbye, independent farmer. To paraphrase Mae West, parity had nothing to do with it.

Out in Iowa, Joe Weisshaar is compelled to amass more land and employ a fleet of six tractors in his corn-and-hog operation. Unable to buy land, which goes for $1,500 an acre, he rents two-thirds of the 500 acres he farms. To keep his operation going, he juggles credit like a Seventh Avenue garment manufacturer. The owners of the land he rents expect a return on their investment commensurate with, say, tax-exempt municipals, so Joe is driven to large-scale, high-profit farming, which means lacing the soil with chemical fertilizers and forgoing contour plowing. The result of such practices statewide is that the magnificent black Iowa topsoil, which was two feet deep when the first settlers staked their claims, is now down to one foot.

Joe Weisshaar mobilizes and deploys his machines and stock and bank loans with an elegant efficiency. Make no mistake, though, "the efficiency Joe achieves is a capitalist's efficiency." In this he is no different from Lee Totman ("the apotheosis of capitalism"); both constantly ask themselves, "What's the payoff?"

Nonetheless, Kramer contends that there is still craft in farming, which efficient, dedicated family farmers like Totman and Weisshaar practice, and which is threatened by the impetus toward large-scale corporate farming, as exemplified by the third of his case histories. This "farmerless farm," as Kramer calls it, is known as Tejon Agricultural Partners—TAP for short. TAP, which owns 21,000 acres of land in California's San Joaquin Valley, was financed by a number of limited partners seeking a tax shelter. TAP is enormously productive, with the latest monstrous picking machines foraging its length and breadth. But this is bottom-line farming, fine-tuned by the accountants. For example, the laborers sorting out green tomatoes were doing their job too well: they culled more bad ones than they need have under the buyer's allowable maximum. As an executive explained, "We're paying those guys to make the load too good." Kramer watches a field of otherwise robust carrots being plowed under; the carrots had been mistakenly allowed to grow too big to fit the standardized supermarket plastic bag. A small farmer on a nearby spread can make his costs with eighteen tons of tomatoes per acre; TAP needs twenty-four tons to break even. Why? As a TAP foreman tells Kramer, "There is a stack of management people here, where that guy drives his own tractor while he thinks about what to do next. You can't beat him. This is not simple enough here." A corporate hierarchy of

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well-paid professional managers cannot, it seems, reproduce the managerial skills of the smaller-scale farmer "who thinks about what to do next."

Ironically, Mencken (and I suspect Reagan has the same thing in mind) envisioned industrialized farming that would replace the small-time rural blackmailers. "If wheat-raising could be . . . organized as the production of iron or cement is organized," he wrote, "the price might be reduced by half, and still leave a large profit for entrepreneurs." Now we are seeing that future, and, Kramer says, it doesn't work. Given the oligopolistic nature of the rest of the food industry in this country, the capitulation of the last bastion of competition, the independent farmer, could well mean the end of relatively cheap food. Or as Kramer writes, "For the first time in American history the possibility exists of less than free market control of our food supply."

Kramer leaves us with a vivid picture of the virtues of the small farmer—a picture confirmed by more academic studies, but he is perhaps too cavalier with the arguments of the organic-low-tech school of farming. More needs to be said about the role of greater American farm productivity in an overpopulated world—as well as about the ecologically harmful nature of the flat-out farm production that occurred after the Russian market was opened up to American farmers. Still, Kramer's valuable book convincingly makes the case for encouraging the smaller, independent farmer and, indeed, for bringing more farmers back to the land by breaking up the corporate latifundia. □

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The Tangible Shoe

GERALD WEALES

POEMS, 1913-1956. *By Bertolt Brecht. Edited by John Willett and Ralph Manheim. Methuen. 628 pp. $25. Paper $12.50.*

One of the very early Bertolt Brecht poems, "Utterances of a Martyr," begins "I, for instance, play billiards in the attic /Where they hang the washing up to dry and let it piss." The attractive thing about the poem is its ambiguity, a virtue for which Brecht had little use—even before he became a political poet. Is the martyr the querulous mother who, unhappy with her layabout son, complains about his metaphor ("no normal person would look at things that way")? Or is it the self-righteous young man who goes into a sulk and tries to escalate his naughty image into a cause: "What business have they got putting that stuff about Truth in the catechism/If one's not allowed to say what is?" What the poem conveys directly is the sense of adolescent rebellion that colors most of Brecht's early work, including those poems best known to American readers through earlier translations by H.R. Hays and Eric Bentley, the ones gathered in *Die Hauspostille*, which Bentley calls *Manual of Piety*. A good middle-class boy who discovered the hypocrisy of family, class, church, society and the uncomforting comforts of sex, drink, tobacco and song, Brecht —a somewhat cautious reflection of his romantic hero, the nihilist poet in *Baal*, whom he would later call "a thoroughly anti-social phenomenon"—began to write the ballads and the songs through which he celebrated—if that's the word—the ugliness of the world.

To trace the first impulse for the poems to the billiard-playing boy in the attic is not to dismiss Brecht's world view, although he would later disown it as bourgeois decadence; it is one that he shares with a great many modern writers. Nor is it to discount the power and the poetic effectiveness of the best of the poems. Reading through this new collection, I found that it was not the sardonic tone that he does so well which brings a frightening quality to the early work. It is a kind of pathetic fallacy in reverse, an accumulation of skies and clouds and winds that diminish rather than define human acts and emotions and in which there is no consolation. "Above the clouds there is nothing." At the end of *Baal*, the protagonist, feeling the sky "close enough to touch," crawls out to die in the open, his last words, "Stars . . . Hm." In "Born Later," Brecht calls nothingness "our last companion." In two of the early poems—"Of Climbing in Trees" and "Of Swimming in Lakes and Rivers"—Brecht writes deceptively gentle verse about immersion in the natural world. I was reminded of the scene in *Long Day's Journey into Night* in which Edmund, the O'Neill surrogate, describes a night so intoxicating that "for a moment I lost myself—actually lost my life. I was set free! I dissolved in the sea." In the Brecht poems, the climber becomes the treetops, the swimmer the water. Both romantic nihilists, O'Neill and Brecht free themselves into nothingness. It is scarier by far than the pose of toughness, the self-image that Brecht more often projects.

"PURE, LUCID, EVIL." Brecht finds the words written on a photograph and fancies them as a tombstone inscription: "I'd sleep all right with that on top of me." Ten years later in "I Need No Gravestone," he decides that, if he must have one, "I would like it to bear these words: /He made suggestions. We/Carried them out./Such an inscription would/Honour us all." The swagger of the bad-boy poet has given way to the swagger, humble now, of the artist whose political commitment has made him part of a group endeavor to make the world more livable. For Brecht, there was no sudden blinding light on the way to Damascus. He came to his Communism slowly, his sympathy for the underdog transformed, through study, into the doctrinaire Marxism that marked his work in the early 1930s. Social criticism had been obvious in his poetry from the beginning. In "On the Infanticide Marie Farrar," however, it is the ignorance and helplessness of the girl that comes through most strongly; her servant girl's chores that so complicate her pregnancy and the mocking message of the final stanza ("You who bear your sons in laundered linen sheets") are a matter of

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tone, not ideational content. Had it been written a few yeas later, the implications of "Marie Farrar" would have been spelled out in detail.

The tendency to spell out, to make clear and to underline is the burden—in the pejorative, not the musical, sense—of much of Brecht's political poetry. In "The Shoe of Empedocles" Brecht tells how "the tangible shoe" confounds the mystery makers, and in that image one gets his preoccupation with the specific. His best quality is his ability to find the tangible shoe, the object or the speech that will carry the message, political or emotional, that he wants to convey. Too often, as though dogged by his belief in the practical utility of art, he writes as though he does not trust his audience to recognize a shoe when they see one. The force of the first stanza of "Burial of the Trouble-maker in a Zinc Coffin" is milked away in contemplation of what has gone into the box with the agitator. An earlier poem, "Still, When the Automobile Manufacturer's Eighth Model," seems to have done its work by the end of the seventh line, but it states and restates—with all the relentlessness of Brecht's teaching plays, those in which the playwright's admiration for the workingman is almost lost in a suspicion that he is feebleminded.

The didacticism stayed with Brecht for the rest of his life, but as he mixed simple lyrics with versified pamphleteering in his pre-Hitler German days, he found new voices—the unhappy exile in Scandinavia ("I'm not impertinent, I said: I'm lost"), the angry exile in America, the discontented repatriate in East Germany—to sing alongside the satirist and propagandist who turned out anti-Nazi poems and other conventional political works, obvious in intention, sometimes extremely effective in the immediate context. In trying to generalize about a collection of more than 500 poems, I have been unfair to Brecht, turned off by the gee-whiz-I'm-a-mean-mother tone of some of the early work and by the lecturer who keeps upstaging the poet in the political verse. There are flawed poems, foolish poems, pedestrian poems all through this volume, but there are also images so startlingly right that one gasps on reading them, lyrics that are at once tough and tender, whole poems that have the contained force of the finest art, even poems like "On Everyday Theatre" which propound theory so neatly that one almost forgets that Brecht has done it elsewhere in prose. There are poems, too, that seem dead on the page but become gratingly beautiful when sung—even by Eric Bentley at his old harmonium (his "Songs of Hanns Eisler" recording). From the early rhymed verse, for which Brecht picked out tunes on his guitar, to the unrhymed, irregular poems, many of which were set to the music of Eisler, Kurt Weill and Paul Dessau, Brecht's have been poems to perform.

Poems, 1913-1956, which was first published in England in 1976, is an admirable volume simply because it brings together, in chronological order, a vast number of poems—many of them translated for the first time—and backs them up with extensive notes on composition and publication. Despite the scholarly apparatus, it is an infuriating book in which to try to find one's way around, since it lacks an alphabetical index of poems in English, and the impressive list of translators on the title page is misleading because many of them did only a few poems—in some cases, only one. A more serious problem with the new collection, one that it shares with all translations, is that the voice you hear may not be Brecht's. When Hays was putting together his translation of *Selected Poems* in 1945, Brecht wrote that he wanted to see the Hays versions not to "correct" them but because "there are implications which may escape the most ingenious student of language." Since my German is lousy, I would miss such implications, but I can tell, looking at a translation alongside the original, when the rhyme scheme changes, when the rhythm of a line is sacrificed to rhyme, when sound effects are wholly lost. Take an obvious example, one from a translator who was a poet in her own right. Muriel Rukeyser's "And because a man is human" may be an accurate rendition of "*Und weil der Mensch ein Mensch ist*," but it cannot touch the force of the repeated *Mensch* and the parade of one-syllable words, particularly when one remembers that the "United Front Song" was conceived by Brecht and Eisler, at Erwin Piscator's request, as a kind of Communist fight song.

One wonders, all through *Poems*, faced with infelicity, whether it is Brecht or one of his translators nodding. Still, faults aside, the book is a strong attempt to establish Brecht with English

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readers as a major poet. It is a successful attempt to present a poet who believed he was writing in a time in which poets had to forgo traditional subjects, but who went ahead to give new meaning—and not always political—to trees, to homes, to friends, to separation.

In one of his last poems, Brecht visits an abandoned greenhouse in which he finds the rare flowers destroyed, the "common evergreens" flourishing outside. I know the proper reading, the message about the proletarian health of the evergreens, but what are we to do with the last lines: "As always the lovely and sensitive/Are no longer"? Twenty years earlier Brecht would have snarled, as he did in "Letter to the Playwright Odets" when he disapproved of the end of *Paradise Lost*, "should you feel sorry for them? Should we/Burst into tears when we see the bedbugs move out?" Yes. By 1954, yes. If *Poems* does nothing more, it lets us hear a persistent note that sounds under the flash of the early Brecht, the didacticism of the later. "Sad in my young days/Sad later on/When can I be happy?/Better be soon." □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Knife in the Head
Where the Buffalo Roam

It is not easy to come to grips with Reinhard Hauff's *Knife in the Head*; his strategy is to make his viewers struggle for their opinions on the basis of imperfect information—an increasingly common exercise in this era of discontent. The film makes its way through the tensions induced in West Germany by political violence, but essentially it is about one man, Bertolt Hoffmann, a biogeneticist who, even before the credits appear on the screen, is shot down by a policeman, thereby suffering massive brain damage. The story deals with his long hospitalization and slow return to conscious life. Hoffmann is played by Bruno Ganz (*The Left-Handed Woman, The Marquise of O, The American Friend, Nosferatu*), whose performance surpasses any I can remember seeing in years.

The picture is not explicit either in its private drama or in the social atmosphere that surrounds it. Hoffmann, estranged from his wife, who has taken up with a member of a radical group, goes to talk with her at the group's meeting place on the evening when it is being raided by the police. He pushes impulsively through the barrier, enters the building and is gunned down in an encounter so sudden that we cannot quite see what happened. The police are behaving, on this occasion and throughout, as if they judged these leftists to be very dangerous, but the young men and women seem in fact more publicists than terrorists, bent on insulting the authorities into excesses that will, they hope, hasten the revolution. We are not, it seems clear, observing the behavior of the Red Brigades. However, the police think otherwise, and though it is impossible to say what happened when Hoffmann and the officer suddenly confronted each other, it is apparent, from a harrowing re-enactment at the end of the film, that both were mortally afraid. Fear permeates the picture; it is the knife of the title.

As for Hoffmann's progress toward

Prize-Winning Poets—1980

The winners of "DISCOVERY—*THE NATION*, '80," are Don Bogen, Michael McFee, Rosanna Warren and Stephen Yenser. They will read their poems on Monday, May 19, at 8 P.M. at The Poetry Center, 92nd Street YM-YWHA, 1395 Lexington Avenue. The contest was judged by Alfred Corn, James Merrill and Judith Moffett. Now in its sixth year, the competition represents a fusion of The Poetry Center's "Discovery" contest and *The Nation*'s Poetry Prize. It is designed to attract larger audiences to new poets through the combined media of publication and poetry recital.

More than 1,500 manuscripts were received for "DISCOVERY—*THE NATION*, '80," which was open to poets who have not been published in book form. The winners were chosen on the basis of a body of work rather than on individual poems.

For publication in *The Nation*, we chose four from the winning groups of poems.

—Grace Schulman, Poetry Editor

FUNDAMENTAL

Loam. Jasmine. Honeysuckle. The rain has fallen
Silent. And now the silence too is dead.

Night crawlers turn through it and snuggle up
Close for comfort.

This is the time to call a spade,
A shade, a heart transmuted

To an instrument then laid aside,
And multiplied upon a vine. Old tutor,

High climber, help me put down raveled roots
And take up ramifying things:

Ground-breaking, path-breaking, breaking
In, out, up—anyway, I need you now.

And you, sweet friend, night bloomer, show me how
Not to stop

Yet, how to pluck, to be plucked like the harp
The rain has hung out on the willow

Before it learns the plot to break
What even now its moonwashed gold bespeaks

And calls the author of the thunder
Down like dawn upon the thief's bowed head.

Stephen Yenser

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normalcy, it too is ambiguous, in large part because we have information only at second hand as to what sort of man he had been. After surgery, when he at last opens his eyes, he is bereft of speech and, it would seem, of understanding. He has no motor controls, is semi-paralyzed and subject to fits. One feels dismay that, technically, he is still alive. The torturous—literally very painful—steps of his return to rationality under the guidance of a skilled, compassionate and patient medical staff (I write as though this were a documentary and the clinical detail does seem meticulously researched) is thrilling but exhausting; *Knife in the Head* is not easy on its audience. Ganz understands that a body without a mind is a disgusting spectacle, and that one with but flashes of reason is in some ways more appalling. Gradually, in Ganz's superb performance, Bertolt Hoffmann re-emerges. Or does he? His brain is certainly working again, but how reliably and with what resemblance to the personality of the Hoffmann we never knew? His wife (Angela Winkler) seems wary of him, but then she had walked out on him. Her lover (Heinz Honig) is jumpy in his presence, but he is shown to be a jumpy type. The restored Hoffmann is sardonic; his actions unpredictable, his purposes obscure. Perhaps he was always so; perhaps what he has gone through has changed him (it would change most people); perhaps he is not quite sane. The police, until they lost interest in Hoffmann, were sure he was playing a game; at some point he may have begun to do so. The film ends in a moment of frozen confrontation; the next move is up to Hoffmann, and what it will be is anyone's guess.

German films have recently been

MUSIC FOR RAILROAD, TELEPHONE WIRE, AND EASTER

Compose by shadow and chrome, You will have
the land of unquenchable dying,
lines of desire strung along the tracks
uncounted miles upon whose nerve-taut wire
obsessive, the suite pursues
one murderous hum past slag heap, over marsh
pylon to pylon, by
windows, barrels, smokestacks, trestles, tanks,
flame-spurt and smoke-meander fraying form:
all solids melt
in death by multiplication, life
by reflection in the sunstruck ditch,
burnt water, harbor, oil spill, puddle, and
in bottle graveyard tumbled down a bank—
one continental cataract of trash
through which weeds thrust, not green;
and over which, in dark and lazing loops,
the hawk, in solitude, floats.
He scans
an Easter music from a score in flame.

Rosanna Warren

HATTERAS

Down to the last
windy sliver of dune, the final
blue pulse ashore,

one might persist,
landlubberly, in merely seeing
beach, *sea* or *sky*,

despite protean
fancies—ocean's instant ridges
shellacking a range

mountain-perfect
flat on the slope of shore, or later
as light tides out

on the dark road
home, a sudden mapblue sky and loud
outer bank of clouds.

Michael McFee

PIONEER SQUARE

Boundaries: the wrought-iron pergola,
clothesline boxing rings around tables,
a three-decker parking lot shaped like a wedge
of pie. Land ends here. The last rich coast,
last chance. Drunks are snoozing on green benches
beneath Chief Sealth's totem. Carved in rock,
he gives the block his best noble Indian
stare. It doesn't work. Those warehouse cafés
still clump along the street, new antique shops
parade their firehorns and fishing nets,
while the brick rocket of the Smith Tower
keeps on prodding the sky, which doesn't fall.

He can't be blamed for giving up his name.
What the hell, he must have thought, the country
was going to the dogs anyway.
The century stood half-empty, and besides,
Sealth was rich: Islands clustered to the west
like August blackberries, the rivers frothed
salmon. After he'd vanished into cliché,
no one was certain just whose chief he was—
some potlatch tribe, no doubt, all gifts and boasts,
a grandiose purveyor of humped-up
oratory. Florid, rhetorical,
his speech, translated, still insinuates.

Tribe follows tribe, and nation follows nation.
The pipeline bums are rising from their dreams
of lost Alaska. Instamatics freeze
them to the picturesque. The Smith Tower
goes on shooting one man's last chance at the sky
above Sealth's stone frown—the century
can never end. Inside the nineties bars,
all brass and beveled glass, the down vests glow
on the coat racks, the first beers froth, as the day
sinks west and work ends. Weekends fill
the ferry lanes. Everybody's leaving
for the islands, everyone's flying away.

Don Bogen

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much taken up with the inability to communicate on a personal level. (Wender's *The Wrong Move* and Handke's *The Left-Handed Woman* are examples.) Hauff carries the theme further, destroying a man's power to relate, restoring it problematically and setting the process in a society where communication seems virtually impossible. In that situation, Hoffmann, who repeatedly cries that he is afraid, becomes representative of his time. The knife in the head is fear—fear of not hearing and not being heard. It begets violence and we are its agents and its victims. That, I think, is what the film says; under Hauff's direction, it says it well.

Back in the 1970s, Hunter S. Thompson's was one of the most provocative voices raised against the mean chicanery of the Nixon years. Writing in *Rolling Stone* and elsewhere (including *The Nation*), he used scorn, insolence and invention to unsettle the masters of that sodden decade. He adopted (or claimed to have adopted) a life style consonant with his prose and often he was the hero of his own reporting.

Now, from Thompson's writing and his legend, John Kaye has written the screenplay for *Where the Buffalo Roam* and Art Linson has directed it. Bill Murray plays Thompson and Peter Boyle is Lazlo, his lawyer and partner in civil disorder. The film is no good because Kaye and Linson have not had the wit to understand that Thompson was a serious man masquerading as a crazy. He undoubtedly drank, he probably smoked grass, and he may have used other drugs, but he did not pause in the midst of writing a story to down a full tumbler of bourbon and fire a .45 into his telecopier. He did not because his copy was good, and good copy is not written that way. Nor did he, I feel sure, quell a campaign plane full of correspondents with a foam fire extinguisher, ending the exploit with a blast of suds into the candidate's face.

In his texts, he may have boasted of other impetuosities (gunrunning to Mexican maniacs, doping a fellow journalist, giving a couple of black vagrants press passes to the Super Bowl, sicking his doberman on an effigy of the President, escaping from the hospital via the window); I have not read the complete works of Thompson and can't be sure. But I do know that anyone basing a film on the tales of Thompson would need to distinguish between what happened and what he decided might well have happened, given the provocation. This picture fails to do that, with the result that Thompson and Lazlo do not emerge as lampooners of the establishment but as dangerous lunatics. Worse, they become tiresome and damned unattractive, which is the more unfortunate because Murray and Boyle are a pair of actors for whom being attractive would obviously be easy. Thompson in those sad days was a funny writer with a point to make. He should not have been made the butt of an unfunny, pointless movie. □

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THEATER

HAROLD CLURMAN

The Winter's Tale
Johnny-on-a-Spot
Barbarians

The productions at the Brooklyn Academy of Music (BAM), whatever their individual merit, interest me less as subjects for review than as a new attempt to establish "a resident classical repertory company . . . a lasting and vigorous institution."

One of the first such efforts was the valiant but ill-conceived New Theatre, established in 1909 at the enormous new Century Theatre. It was situated on Central Park West and 63rd Street, at that time too far uptown for the average playgoer. Though many of its participants were distinguished theater people, the project was doomed by the incongruity of its theater's physical size, its location and the weakness of its repertory in relation to the climate of the period.

More viable was Eva Le Gallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre, established in 1926 on West 14th Street, where the company produced thirty-six plays for 1,581 performances at a top price of $1.50. The Wall Street crash of 1929 robbed the venture of its subsidy—and a subsidy, it should be emphasized, is indispensable at all times and everywhere for theaters that aim at continuity of production.

Le Gallienne's Repertory Theatre was not composed of a particularly brilliant roster of actors—though there were a few excellent ones among them—but its productions were intelligent and faithful to the literal intention of plays of Ibsen and Chekhov and other nineteenth-century European playwrights—the mainstays of the repertory—and thus important at the time.

Without drawing up a complete list of the movements which made permanent theater companies their goal, one must not fail to recall the pleasant Neighborhood Playhouse on Grand Street in the 1920s, supported by Irene and Aline Lewisohn.

Then, too, out of the early strivings of the Provincetown Players, which first introduced Eugene O'Neill, grew both the Macdougal Street Provincetown Playhouse and the Greenwich Village Theatre at Sheridan Square. They too sought to maintain a permanent company. But when O'Neill was taken up by the commercial managements there was little life or hope left for the Village pioneers.

The Theatre Guild was certainly the most successful and prestigious of the attempts to form a permanent theater of distinction. It concentrated at first on challenging contemporary European plays, employing some of the best American actors—Lunt, Fontanne, Dudley Digges—and later, it produced a number of O'Neill's plays, such as *Strange Interlude* and *The Iceman*

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Cometh. The Guild virtually ended its career with *Oklahoma!*

The history of the Group Theatre is too well known to be repeated here. Perhaps its most remarkable achievement is that, without any subsidy at all, it maintained most of its company throughout its career and became in a very real sense the emblematic organization (apart from the Federal Theatre Project) of the 1930s.

The point of this sad sketch is that we must come to understand why our sincere efforts to establish a repertory company have ended, with hardly any exceptions, in disappointment. The reason is not simply an absence of such a tradition in our country. The fact is we still do not know what *theater* is, how it comes into being, what it is meant to accomplish and consequently how it is to be generated.

A *theater* is not a shop. It is not just a well-administered assortment of talented actors, directors and worthy scripts. A *theater* is the projection of a spirit, a style, a technique embodying a specific cultural attitude, a social direction and meaning, a "face" which corresponds or responds to some deeply rooted hope, hunger, anxiety or preoccupation of a sizable part of the community within which it functions. Its very idea of craft, its methods and its manner of organization are calculated to voice its human aim.

The choice of a company is not a matter of collecting able performers but of educating and inspiring men and women of talent who possess a similar moral disposition. It takes time. This is especially true in such a heterogeneous civilization as ours. Unabashedly, I would declare that for a theater to exist as such—rather than as a market for commodities of entertainment—it must partake to a considerable degree of the nature of a cult.

There are a good number of able and experienced actors in the BAM company. The plays chosen by its artistic director, David Jones, who comes to us from the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, contain parts which show the actors to advantage. Most of their performances are at the very least adequate and at times much better. But they rarely seem to be connected with one another: each appears to be giving a separate performance, as if they belonged to different worlds or to no world at all. There is no genuine style and the word "classic," as it has been applied to the BAM company, has no meaning—except that they perform Shakespeare.

Their *Winter's Tale*, a play I have thus far found, despite its occasional beauties, of little attraction or excitement, was scattered and "square." The second of the season's entries, *Johnny-on-a-Spot*, by Charles MacArthur, is a farcical sequel to the author's collaboration with Ben Hecht on *The Front Page*. *Johnny-on-a-Spot*, written in 1942, is about dirty tricks in the elections of a governor in an unnamed Southern state. Its contrivances and twists are so numerous and so complicated that they strain credulity and diminish their satiric value. Even farce demands some basis in reality. None of the acting was bad; I especially liked Jerome Dempsey as a zany medical officer who is made a reluctant candidate for governor. But there was little unifying rhythm or quality except for what our audiences most appreciate—speed.

Barbarians is for me the most interesting of the three opening productions of the season's program. (Rachel Crothers's *He and She* will come later.) *Barbarians* is not one of Gorky's best plays but everything Gorky wrote had an authenticity of character in which his understanding of place and people is unmistakable. Written in 1905, *Barbarians* is extremely loose in structure: a great number and variety of characters wander in and out of scenes and there is hardly any concentrated plot.

Yet such is the force of Gorky's bitterness and pungent humor that we cannot help but be arrested by the truthfulness of the picture and see in it something still relevant to our own day. The crazy vagaries of most of the characters, their heavy drinking, their failure of purpose and stamina (except among the young and potentially revolutionary), the overall brutality arising from a lack of moral and social aim, the latent idealism and the hankering for love are all still with us though in a different and disguised fashion. At the very least, Gorky's eye for the eccentricity of human behavior, for the madness which springs from an ideological vacuity, creates a special picture of behavior that is peculiarly absorbing.

Despite the director's inability to achieve true artistic harmony from the actors, there are still a few sharply etched characterizations. Brian Murray, for example, is more convincing here as a woebegone, maritally crushed, deeply

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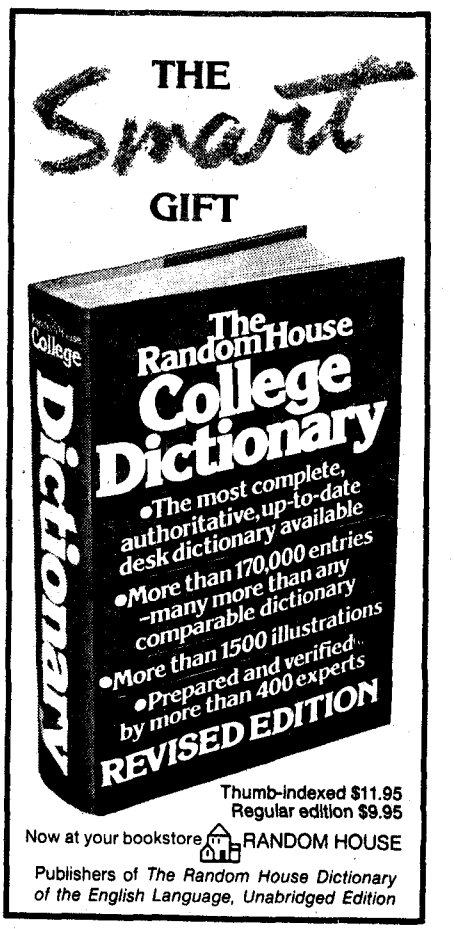
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wounded minor official than in any of the straight roles I have seen him do. I liked the helter-skelter protesting energy of Christine Estabrook, material for the character's rebellious future. And Avril Gentles plays a lady of property with dignity and fortitude.

Though much in this report may sound negative, I hope BAM's program is renewed next season. The present experience and more time for consideration of all its problems (including a better choice of plays to be produced) may lead to a clearer expression of artistic intent. For a theater to grow, *continuity* of activity is indispensable. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

The art world is a complex pocket in our culture, so it is hard to predict the form of coming problems. However, a collision course does seem to be developing between the expectations of artists and the practice of art critics. The past season was notable for panel discussions in which critics addressed their clients, the artists. The School of Visual Arts, Pratt Institute, Artists Talk on Art, among others, all arranged evening meetings for statements by critics and skeptical responses by the artists. Indeed, critics' panels have become box office, partly because they give artists a chance to strike back at the rascals in person. These forums are not evenings at the Museum of Modern Art or Sunday afternoons at the Metropolitan Museum, the occasions where opinion is canonized, but the cumulative effect of the panels is significant.

Why have art critics become objects of attention instead of remaining part of the white noise of the art support system? Artists have had a great deal to do with it. My sense is that certain types of artists have an interest in addressing critics directly. It is a fact that new artists can expect very little, if anything, in the way of coverage of a first exhibition. This aligns them with those older artists who have shown their work for years but earned little or nothing by way of critical discussion. Both expectant and disappointed generations have been thrown together *as artists* on the basis of their dissatisfaction with the state of art criticism.

If an alliance is forming on the basis

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that I suggest, what effect can it be expected to have on art criticism? In *Artforum*, *Art in America*, *Art News* and *Arts Magazine*, reviewing decisions belong as much to the editors as to the writers. There is a limit to what critics can do about covering new artists or attending to neglected ones, even if they were so inclined. Frankly, discovery and rehabilitation are not the functions of the art magazines. Recognition of the new, for instance, is filtered by the decisions of advertisers more than by individual writers.

Another sign of the new visibility of art writers is a supplement in the April *Artworkers News*, "Critic's Choice," in which nine are interviewed. (It is available for $1 from the Foundation for the Community of Artists, Suite 412, 280 Broadway, New York City, New York 10007.) What can we make of the fact that the writers for the largest circulation journals, Barbara Rose of *Vogue* and Hilton Kramer of *The New York Times*, are the only ones here who raise quality as an issue? In answer to the question, "What is the single most important criteria [*sic*] for your criticism?" Rose replies: "My subjective perception of quality in a work as measured against the standards of past art, with which I am very well acquainted." We can conclude that the concept of quality has reached ultimate uselessness when it has become the defense of entrenched opinion, not the means of sensitive response.

There is an alternative to the old-fashioned patronizing notion of critics as people who filter contemporary art through their experience with traditional forms (Rose's "I am very well acquainted" with past art, though she has published nothing about it). Lucy Lippard says this of criticism: "It does at least provide a middle ground that's a forum, a place where the tension between the audience and the work itself meets." This is closer to one's sense of reading a piece of engaged criticism. Donald Kuspit, whose ideas in this respect are influential, argues that "to be a proper critic you have to have a general knowledge or vision of culture, which neither the conventional artist nor scholar has." Thus he expects of criticism a perspective that *includes* the work of art and goes beyond the specialism of the art historian. (Incidentally, Kuspit mentions, as part of his desire to expand the perspective of interpretation, a new magazine, *Art Criticism*, that "is designed to give an alternate approach to the market-oriented magazine." He and I are co-editors, and the journal is intended to reflect our sense of the limits of exhibition reviewing as well as the necessity to define art criticism as a specific form of communication.)

The other writers interviewed in the *Artworkers News* are Dore Ashton, who stresses that she does not read other critics; Shelley Rice, who connects feminism and photography, and Gregory Battcock. The issue also contains some jokes and an interesting talk with John Perreault. There is an article by Alan Wallach which gives three samples of current practice, one from *Artforum*, one from *Arts Magazine* and one from *Art in America*: he finds the first "absurd," the second "arbitrary and confused" and the third exemplary in its "fatuousness." I cannot fault his reading, but Wallach attributes these feeble showings to declining capitalism. He may be right, but the disproportion between symptom and cause is so great as to suggest that short-range patching might be in order. For example, Perreault discusses the American section of the International Association of Art Critics, dormant for years under the presidencies of Robert Goldwater, Irving Sandler and Rosalind Krauss. Perreault is the new president, backed by younger critics, with plans for the professionalization of a notoriously casual bunch. One step toward the new status might be affiliation with the long-established College Art Association. The American section also plans to work toward a 10-cent-minimum word rate for members (what this will do for me at *The Nation* where I write for less I don't know). The section has announced no plans to match better pay with better writing.

If art critics are going to be professionals, we need to convince not only editors but also the increasingly dissatisfied artist population of this. Artists may not realize what poor readers they themselves are. If they want better art criticism, they might begin by doing a better job of reading present criticism. Very few artists seem to read articles; they tend to concentrate on the reviews of current exhibitions. If artists read more widely *as a group* they would have more effect on critical interpretation, as their feedback would mean more to writers. In this respect, artists could take at least part of the improvement of art criticism into their own hands. □

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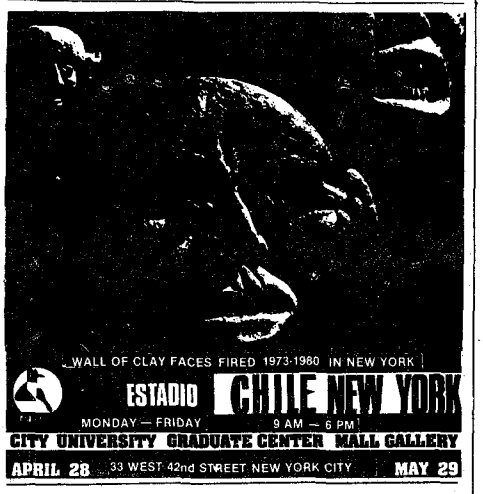
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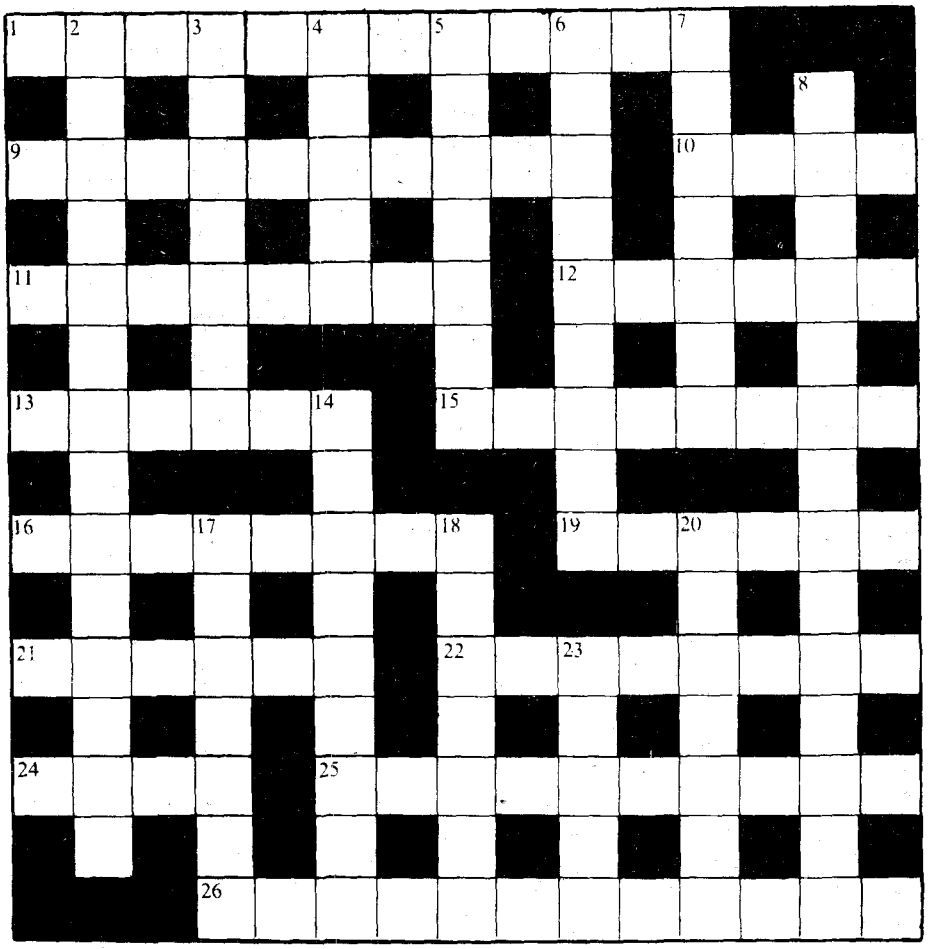
X-523

Crossword Puzzle No. 1821

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Foot trouble with the short-legged horse, also difficult to handle, with no teeth. (4,2,3,3)
9 Tickled by a bird, and sick with a man like Kennedy. (10)
10 Makes progress over the water and fights certain line-ups. (4)
11 Quiets. (6,2)
12 Lard is so rendered, being of possible importance to Scots. (6)
13 See 23 down
15 Possibly taken by speakers to be rum sorts. (8)
16 All creation, with us ever in trouble! (8)
19 Upheaval of the Alps, when found around in very flat places. (6)
21 This drink is raging, according to the Bible. (6)
22 A reading—possibly "Flower Arrangement." (8)
24 An inflammatory condition is partly iliac, needless to say. (4)
25 If you do this to things that are potted, it won't be the type that involves the organ. (10)
26 It makes the walls less red in London, which keeps some people on their toes. (7,5)

DOWN

2 You shouldn't be quick to have one about you. (8,6)
3 Certainly not "this or that"—in three parts. (7)
4 They're nothing to fill things up with. (5)
5 Shakespearean character coming up short, possibly. (7)
6 Proves to be a very close friend, in an amatory sense. (7,2)
7 A reef is a great one. (7)
8 No depth, if so positioned for one lad to swim in. (3-11)
14 Detracted from authority, as you might put it, to deter a dog. (9)
17 See 23 down
18 If you chase things in the art world you might do so. (7)
20 See 23 down
23, 13, 17 and 20 To point out the flag's colors, you might have to add that the 22 is white, all being found in 22 at first. (5,3,3,7,3,4)

SOLUTIONS TO PUZZLE NO. 1820

ACROSS: 1 and 6 Washington Post; 10 Trapper; 11 Proctor; 12 Return a verdict; 14 Neckties; 15 Follow; 16 Halevy; 18 Abetting; 22 From time to time; 24 Nimrods; 25 Legatee; 26 Eyes; 27 Brass. DOWN: 1 and 23 Water on the knee; 2 Spastic; 3 Imperative mood; 4 Garbage; 5 Osprey; 7 Optical; 8 Tort; 9 Food for thought; 13 Swaggerers; 17 Laramie; 19 Beetles; 20 Idiotic; 21 Kisser.

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